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THE TIMES
GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

To A Feeling One.

BY GRACE MILLWOOD.

You tell me I must "gently deal"
With him;—it shall be so;
In'entionally, this heart of mine
Shall not a pain bestow.

But do you know that once he said
He was my truest friend?
And vowed that he would ever be
Sincere unto the end.

I cannot think that *this* you know,
Or else you would not blame
This heart of mine, and think that I
Should treat him still *the same*.

For though he vowed he loved *but me*,
He told *another* one,
She was *his* chosen idol, and
He loved but *her alone*.

I never *loved* him, but I felt
For him a kind regard,
And may his heart *so very true*,
Receive its rich reward.

And if in after years we meet,
And e'en with grief he die,
My heart as firm as now shall be,
I'll proudly pass him by.

But do not think this heart of mine,
Affection e'er can feel
For him, or that a thought of *love*,
Can o'er it ever steal.

And though the time has long gone by,
Since he professed the friend,
This heart no *hatred* feels, but still
"DEALS GENTLY" 'till the end.

A Story of the Wine-Cup.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"Touch not; taste not; handle not!"

BY CLARA AUGUSTA,
Author of "The Stray Waif."

"YOUNG man!" said the late eminent Judge Halliston, at a fashionable party where wine flowed in abundance—"young man, put down that glass! there is certain death in it!"

Harry Gordon dropped the costly goblet upon the table, startled by the abrupt exclamation of the Judge, —and the ruby wine flowed in a bright stream over the Persian carpet.

"Sir! what mean you?" he cried; his face flushed; and his eyes brilliant with excitement.

"I mean," said the Judge calmly, and drawing up his noble figure to its full height, "I mean to discountenance always—in every place, at every time, and in every available manner, the use of intoxicating drinks! My young friend, you were about, thoughtlessly, to place an infernal poison to your lips!—you were doing it gaily, carelessly! Would you, if you stood at the very gate of Death's domain dare, in the face of God and the angels, to quaff the draught which but a moment ago filled yonder shattered glass? Would you?"

The young man's brow grew paler—he shrank before the solemn, penetrating gaze fixed upon him, and his deep voice was slightly unsteady, as he spoke the single word—

"How?"

"Sit down, my friends," said the Judge to the gay company that had been smitten to stillness by his portentous words—"and you too, Harry Gordon; I have a little story to relate to you, which will possess double interest when I tell you that I know it to be strictly true in every particular. * * * Thirty five years ago, there resided in the township of Milan a happy family. There was a father, a mother, and three children; two boys, and a girl. The father, whom I choose to call John Wood, was a lawyer of high repute—a man of brilliant intellect, and solid education. His wife was a beautiful woman, richly gifted by Nature, as well as Art, and well worthy to be the companion of her husband. I said they were a happy family—it was true. Peace sat all day with folded wing by their hearthstone, and Happiness was contented to abide there.

"John Wood stood very high in the opinion of his townsmen; and bye and bye, his name was whispered abroad for the nomination of Senator from the Milan District. He received the support of his party, and the election proved him the successful candidate. It would have been difficult for him to have been otherwise than pleased with this testimonial of esteem; and his hitherto quiet house was thrown open for the reception of political friends. It was fashionable then—as in some circles at the present day—for every table to be freely supplied with wine, particularly if there was company; and it required a great deal of moral courage to break in upon the usage. Of course, the successful candidate could not refuse to treat his friends; and so intoxicating liquors became an everyday accompaniment upon the dinner table of John Wood. At first, he did not sanction this; he only suffered it—but habit accustoms us to all things,—and in time, he grew to think that meal very insipid which lacked the crowning charm of *wine!*

"Time passed on, and having discharged his duties, at Washington, to the satisfaction of his party, he was re-elected for the ensueing term. His talents fitted him for the highest rank in society, and at the busy Capital no party was deemed complete without the presence of the witty and accomplished Senator from the Milan District. He drank the highly-flavored champagne which was offered him;—first because it would not do to seem 'odd,'—afterwards from pure love of it. Wine became almost necessary to his existance; luxurious living had vitiated his tastes and enervated both mind and body, and to prevent reaction, and consequent remorse, he endeavored to cure the disease with the very cause which had engendered it. How many others have done the same, until the God-given intellect has set in blackness, and the light of life been quenched in the eternal night of a drunkard's grave!

"John Wood, at the expiration of his term of office, came home to his family, a confirmed inebriate. Promise after promise he made to leave forever the tempting poison, but appetite always triumphed. The Serpent was too strong for the seed of the woman. Friends entreated him—temperance votaries did all in their power to save him, but they produced, at best, but a momentary feeling of self-reproach in the breast of the miserable man. But John Wood was stayed once in his course of sin by a terrible discovery!—a discovery which made even his besotted soul shrink with horror! His wife—his beautiful and accomplished Mary had yielded to the temptations of the Spoiler, and following the example of her husband, was fast becoming *that thing* of which no one can speak without loathing—*a female drunkard!* For a time, John Wood retreated in affright from the yawning abyss of Intemperence which had opened at his feet; he shunned the tavern, and abstained from the daily glass; his footsteps left the slippery places and took hold upon the adamantine path of Truth—but alas! it was only for a time! No gentle wife to keep him in the light of the Temperance Star; but only a *creature* to add her temptations—her example—to the strength of the Wine-Demon! He could but illy resist the double fascination, and so they drank *together* intoxicated. Their youngest child, the precious Baby May, was quieted, by the mother, with wine; and one day, when the child had tried the patience of her mother, she became angry, and poured down the infant girl's throat a large quantity of brandy! May was thrown into convulsions, from which nought could save her, and in three hours the helpless child was taken home to her heavenly Father!

"The two boys, Arthur and William, for awhile stood aloof from their parents, bane of life—but at last the younger, William, got the habit of tasting occasionally, 'out of curiosity;' he said, to quiet his brother's expostulation. By the goodness of Divine Providence, Arthur was enabled to resist the fascination of the accursed cup; but William went on and on—even unto death. After a ten month's career at the gaming table, (the inseperable companion of strong drink,) he was shot by a comrade in a drunken brawl! To the deadened faculties of the father and mother, this circumstance was not an affliction; they scarce looked upon it as anything for which they should grieve, and when they stood together over the silent coffin of that dead boy, the cup was there to comfort them. They went to that beverage which has been strongly, but not inaptly termed, 'the drink of hell,' for the comfort which is Heaven-born, and that cometh down from God alone!

"Their handsome property was long since squandered; their beautiful house and furniture passed under the hammer of the auctioneer; and a lowly hovel received the drunken couple and their wretched son. Oh the scenes of horror which the eyes of that son were forced to witness! A father—his noble manhood prostituted to a vile appetite, his intellect ruined, his soul wandering in the shades of infidelity, and cast out from the good, to the company of sinners. A mother—her gentle love turned to indifference, her nature wrought upon by the foul viper she had taken to her bosom; her whole life but a series of quarrels with him, who, at God's holy altar, she had sworn to love and honor! Her child no longer regarded with that most hallowed of all sentiments—*a mother's love;* his heart no longer gladdened with her smiles, or led into the paths of Right and Truth by the light of her Christian counsel. Worse than orphaned! the child of shame and contempt! Judge of his life! Men may cry out against the usage of strong language in speaking of this demon which yearly lays in the grave its thousands, but think you, that child of those miserable parents would call any expression too strong? No; language is weak and inadequate to convey to you the loathing, the utter detestation, and hatred, which Arthur Wood, bore in his heart for intoxicating drink! Would that every man, woman, and child throughout the length and breadth of our land felt the same!

"But to return. Five years passed away, during which gaunt Poverty established himself at the fireside of John Wood. Starvation paused often before the door, and want and suffering were the every-day guests. Broils and domestic strife began at sunrise, and ceased not at going out of day,—oh, 'tis a black memory to the soul of Arthur Wood!—in a fit of drunken fury, the miserable husband struck down his wife with the fragments of a chair which had previously fallen a sacrifice to his rage! Sobered by the sight, John Wood stooped over the body of the one who was once dearer than all the world, and sought by the long forgotten endearments of their early love to call her back from unconsciousness. In vain! she lay there before him—still and white; a dark stream of blood gushing from her temple, and clothing the long dark hair which fell, in a neglected mass, over her shoulder! *She was dead —murdered by her own husband!*

"Stung by remorse and fear, as he saw the cold pallor of death settling over her features, the wretched man drew a razor across his throat, and fell bleeding upon the floor beside his lifeless victim! And was only a brief struggle, a little 'calling out for 'mercy'—and John Wood had gone to his account! And Arthur Wood, over the corpses of his murdered parents took a solemn oath—*never so long as the spark of life burned in his breast, to swallow one drop of aught that will intoxicate!* Could that son be blamed for the vow?"

The Judge paused, and the awe-stricken company broke not the silence. He went on,—

"Harry Gordon, I have loved you as my own son—you are soon to stand in that near relationship to me—and I wish to warn you against an enemy which walks the land, alike at midnight, and at noonday; an enemy that is found in the homes of the rich as well as the poor! Will you be admonished? Will you heed my council? Shun more—nay, a thousand times more—than you would death, the wine cup! Hell itself lurks in its depths, and eternal torment burns in its crystal brightness! Harry Gordon, beware!"

There was a brief pause, during which the face of young Gordon alternately paled and flushed. There was a strong influence at work in his soul. Judge Halliston saw the impression he had made, and bending toward the company, he said—

"If any thing more is needed—*know then that John Wood was my father, and the wife he murdered, while under the influence of ardent spirits, was the mother, who bore me!* I, Arthur Wood Halliston, was that son who beside the dead bodies of my parents, took the oath which by God's grace has never been broken!"

Harry Gordon stepped forward, and took the hand of the Judge reverentially in both his own.

"It is enough," he said; while his noble brow gleamed with a new light; "I solemnly declare in the presence of my Creator, and these witnesses, that henceforth, I will shun every thing that can intoxicate as I would Satan himself! and pray my great Father deal with me as I keep my vow!"

Judge Halliston threw his arms about the young man's neck, and kissed him.

"May God sanctify your promise, Harry, and your life bear testimony to your truth!"

Reader, it was even so. Wine was banished from the home of Harry Gordon, and pure, beautiful water, rich from the sweet fountains of the earth, was his daily drink. The fair face of young Ellen Halliston never had cause to blush for the conduct of her husband—and when in after years the people made him Governor of his native State, and his talents brought him abundant gold—he forgot not the life-experience of his step-father; and accursed to him forever, was the wine-cup!

ENGLAND'S STRENGTH.—England is not quite so unprotected as some may think, and as many say she is. In one week we might assemble at Spithead or in Cherbourg roads sixteen sail of powerful screw ships of the line, including some of most powerful now afloat, and in a fortnight twenty-five sail of the line, with large frigates and steamships. These ships would all be in efficient fighting condition, and would speedily be fully manned. They are now, in part, distributed along our sea coasts, but the electric telegraph would, in a short space of time, concentrate the whole at any given point. Independent of our war-ships, we have some hundreds of merchant steamers calculated to bear an effective armament; and, as we have often stated, an unprovoked and aggressive movement on the part of an enemy would be sufficient to kindle a flame of patriotism in the breasts of thousands of the Queen's subjects now engaged in peaceful occupations, and stimulate them to volunteer their service to fight for their homes and firesides. We repeat, therefore, that Cherbourg is not an object calculated to occasion any unpleasant feeling in the breasts of the subjects of Queen Victoria.—*United Service Gazette.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"There's Nothing True But Heaven."

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When in this world of grief and care
The friends we love shall leave us;
And they who have our confidence
Maliciously deceive us;
When from its calm repose of love,
The human heart is driven;
O, then we feel how true it is—
"There's nothing true but heaven."

The rose we gather—in the morn
When it the dew is drinking;
May trampled be beneath the feet
When stars alone are blinking;
And when by cold and angry winds
Its leaves from us are driven;
We feel, though earth is beautiful—
"There's nothing true but heaven."

The maiden whom we fondly love
With all of love's devotion:
May prove as false and treacherous
As waves upon the ocean;
And when the heart with its crush'd hopes,
In vain, in vain hath striven;
It bows before God's throne—and owns
"There's nothing true but heaven."

The trees within the forest's depths,
The grass upon the sod,
The flowers fair—on which we trace
The fingers of a God;—
All things in nature's vast domain
Unto us mortals given;—
Goes but to prove the well known truth
"There's nothing true but heaven."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

EARTH'S BATTLE FIELDS.

BY BODAX.

To stand where we do, and look back upon the fading vista of ages past, the spectral images of waning greatness, of murdered innocence and violated virtue, the origin, development, and diffusion of numberless theories—an occasional fitful glare of religious fanaticism—the strategy and intrigue of political corruption—the dazzling scintillations of heavenborn patriotism—the reverberating accents of Grecian oratory—the clash of hostile steel—the proud, eaglelike flight of intellectual science—the steady glow of religion's sacred flame, flit as disembodied spirits before the mental vision, to claim the poet's eulogy; or to deepen, with lifelike intensity, the tints engraven on history's page.

Along this receding highway, far away to the right and left, the Battlefields of earth stand thickly interspersed, bereft of nature's virgin purity, and shrouded in the pall of mourning, enlivened by an occasional gleam of melancholy glory, to mark the demoniac madness of ambitious chieftains, or the Devil-commissioned torture that wring the vital spark from persecuted innocence.

While the inhuman perpitration of regal excess, has been clothed in the imagery of matchless wisdom, the lisping accents of pity alone have dared to pronounce the sentence of justice upon the impious minion. While poetic lays of cultivated genius have immortalized the oratorical effusions of monarchial despotism, or the scarlet-stained villainy of cringing ecclesiastical sycophants have decked sedition and bloodshed in the sanctimonious trappings of religion, the stentorian skout of eastern Vandalism has been the last requiem of weltering patriots, and has driven their affrighted spirits panting for relief into Eternity.

While vanquished Kings and captive queens have been rescued to grace the triumphant return of a victorious ornament, the scream of the blood-thirsty vulture, the terrific howl of the ravenous hyena, and the sighing winds have wailed the furneral dirge of the illustrious dead, while the Lebanon groves of the east have hung their boughs in sympathising sorrow over the harrowing scene, and wept the silvery dewdrops of balmy spring, to commemorate the last, long, resting-place of the martyred soldiery.

While the booming of ten thousand cannon, the jarring rattle of military parade, or the milder notes of inspired minstrelsy have chanted a tribute of homage to him who has led his conquering legions to victory, the bereaved widow's lamentation, and the destitution of sweeping childhood, have poured into the ear of Heaven,—the only accents of pity, for those who lie emburied in a foreign clime, "to fatten the field of glory."

If pity enters as an ingredient into the composition of the human soul, if there *is* sympathy which will fuse with melancholy sorrow, this is *one* spot, a battlefield is one locality where the troubled waters of a pent up existence must be released.

As we stand to contemplate and to scrutinize its features, imagination, as a favored vehicle of the mind, brings back the incidents long past, as present. Once nature reigned around arrayed in the habiliments of virgin purity. Season after season, the planetary orbs poured a libation of invigorating light and heat around its shining precincts, until its brightness seemed but a modification of the celestial Paradise. The serene repose of the elements seemed to presage a violent concussion of Satan's power, wielded, by human agency. The scarcely audible sigh of autumnal zephyrs, or the mellifluous breath of spring, invited to the retreat of Nymphs and muses, while all beside was hushed in repose.

But suddenly! the shock which told that Eden's guests had sinned, spread devastation wide, as hordes of *christian* monsters, clad in fierce array, dashed madly at their brother-man, thirsting for his vital gore!

Is there a heaven-sent religion, to counteract the deadly venom of a sin-engendered contagion? Has virtue sought her native skies, and left the image of Deity to wallow in corruption? Has the angel of pity forsaken our planet, and left the offspring of promise to work out, in ruthless insanity, the blackest corruptions of hell-begotten hate? Wo! to religion's mission of mercy.

But the battle has been fought, and the field of glory is bright with gory honors. All sympathy has fled. The stream of crimson lifeblood echoes a dying groan at every plunge. Nature's music has attended her liveliest minstrelsy, and struck her deep-toned chords as if in wanton mockery of more than human wo. Black fiends from perdition have obeyed their superior's behest, and have as quickly sped their return, laden with the refuse of earthly glory. The ghostly expression of inanimate mortality seems to challenge the messenger of dissolution to his task, as he had done the angel of distruction.

But ages have passed away.

The spot that erst was rife with animation and nature's gayest attire, now sleeps, shrouded in a mantle of superstitious dread. The fairy spirits that danced in mid-air, have become affrighted at the scene of blood, and have sought a more congenial abode. The bones that bleach upon yon fated ground, appeal to heaven and earth in accents not to be mistaken, that glory reigns around glittering in all the richest hues of *unparalleled, untarnished, undying, imaginary* splendor. Far away to the east and west, from every battle-plain, the wail of disembodied spirits comes booming over land and sea, to tell the tale of sanguinary cruelty.

The spectral legions of Marathon, still held in enchantment, reiterate the battle cry, and summon the perpetrators of crime and excess to the grand assize of the spirit world. The patriot band of Warsaw, have written their names with hostile blood, but have forever sunk beneath a kindred purple wave. The wail of wo that went up from the crimson field of Waterloo, invoked an avenger from Heaven, and the ocean gales that hiss and moan around the sea-girt rock of St. Helena, still perpetuate its mournful supplication. The ghostly sprites that fled with terrific speed from the awful carnage of San Jacinto, and left their tenements of clay to tell the tale of ruthless butchery, have heaved a warning sigh, to the actors of that bloody drama, and have inscribed a record of the frightful tragedy in the archives of eternity. A gleam of spirit armor mingled with the ruddy glow of burning Sebastopol, while their marshalled armies sat, a grim, tribunal to redeem the rights of injured freedom, and to mete out even-handed justice to the invading Southron.

On Eastern plains where rose the golden sun
And poured his beams of liquid glory bright,
The rage of pestilential war begun,
And scourged the nations there with hellish might.

Dark malice rankled in the human breast
And scorching flames of more than demon hate,
The peaceful laborer sought in vain for rest,
For fiends were rife to open passion's gate.

And thence apace the tyrant monster came
With bristling pikes still reeking red with gore,
The prince of darkness singled out our name;
And fell destruction swept our peaceful shore.

Nor has it ceased. Far hence to where he sleeps,
The orb of day beholds the crimson flood,
The briny tear that wept of yore, still weeps,
For madness stains the field with human blood.

Now where the blasting curse hath sped its flight,
The soldier slumbers on his lowly bed,
The field of glory sleeps in mournful night,
And spirit legions watch their mighty dead,

The Printer.

The printer is the Adjutant of Thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope—that word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and the Printer are Engineers together. Engineers indeed!—When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, whereby they bombard the ages yet to be?

There at the case he stands and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield therein, and that commissioning it when we are dead, to move gradually on to "the last syllable of recorded time." This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it.

The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs his toil. Oh! it is NOT work, but a sublime rite he is performing, when he thus "sights" the engine, that is to fling a world of truth in grander curves than missiles ere before described—flings it into the bosom of an age unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place where he stands is holy ground.

A little song was uttered somewhere long ago: it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the ear.—But the printer takes it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the Ark, that had preserved it, and it flies on into the future with the olive branch of peace; and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a Spring morning.—*Bayard Taylor.*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Thorn Bird.

BY MATILDA.

There is a bird that sings
Among the thorns from morn till close of day,
Breathing its life in melody away.
With folded wings
Unmindful of the thorns that pierce its breast,
It bows its head and sings itself to rest.
O! thus the christian's heart
Breathes richest music when most touched by woe—
As from crushed flowers the sweetest fragrance flow.
So sorrow's bitter dust
Wrings from the soul a sweeter, richer Psalm
Than ere was breathed when all life's waves were calm.

Grape Hill, Va.

The Catholic Church in the U. S.

In connection with the laying of the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, we published a very interesting sketch of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church in this city. No one can read that sketch without a feeling of wonder and surprise. And yet the history of the Catholic church in New York is but a counterpart of its history in the United States. Fifty years ago there were in the whole United States one diocese, two bishops, sixty-eight priests, eighty churches, two ecclesiastical institutions, one college and two female academies. At that time the entire population of the country was seven millions. Assuming the present population of the United States to be twenty-eight millions—five millions more than the census of 1850 showed—it would follow that we had quadrupled our population in the last half century. Had the progress of the Catholic church barely kept pace with the progress of population, there should be at the present day, on the basis of the foregoing statement, four dioceses, eight bishops, two hundred and seventy-two priests, three hundred and twenty churches eight ecclesiastical institutions, four colleges, and eight female academies belonging to that denomination. But how do the figures actually stand? Why, in this single arch-diocese they are more than doubled. In the whole United States, instead of four dioceses (which a proportionate increase would have given) there are forty-one; instead of eight bishops, there are thirty-nine, and two apostolic vicars; instead of two hundred and seventy-two priests, there are eighteen hundred and seventy-two; instead of three hundred and twenty churches, there are two thousand and fifty-three, besides eight hundred and twenty-nine stations; instead of eight ecclesiastical institutions, there are thirty-five; instead of four colleges, there are twenty-nine; and instead of eight female academies, there are a hundred and forty-four. In other words taking the number of priests and of churches as a basis of computation, the Catholic church has increased within the last half century seven times as fast as the population.

These are remarkable facts and statistics, and may well challenge the astonishment and consideration of all men. To what cause is this unparalleled growth of the Catholic church in this country to be attributed? The principal cause, of course, is to be found in the immense immigration here from the Catholic countries of Europe; but still the Catholic immigration should bear to that of all others the proportion of twenty-eight to one, to make that the only cause—and statistics will show that no such disproportion exists. Still, the immense influx of Catholics to our shores must be set down as the preponderating cause of this wonderful growth of the Catholic church here.

There are, however, other potent causes that have operated to the same end.—Catholicism has been the great conservative religion of the United States. The Catholic church will not tolerate any innovation—it crushes out all heresies, and is the foe to everything in the shape of "isms." Abolitionism and spiritualism it utterly discountenances. Its confessional system enables it to detect and weed out the first traces of doubt or infidelity in the minds of its subjects; and hence it is not liable to those defections which break all other churches into such infinitessimal parts. Thus while the Methodist, Baptist, and other churches, have broken to pieces on the slavery question, the Catholics have stood aloof and avoided the danger; and hence their church presents to-day that wonderful growth which we have described.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Paris Correspondence of the N. Y. Express.

The Head of Oliver Cromwell.

Before leaving England I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the *head of Oliver Cromwell*—not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation. Its history is authentic, and there is verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died at Hampton Court in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious conviction, and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts he was taken up and hung in Tyburn. Afterwards his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterwards conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families, which can easily be traced it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bromley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head, and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Chapel, and myself.

This head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair still remaining, and even the large wart over one of the eyes—such being a distinctive mark on his face—he is yet perfectly visible. The pike which was thrust through the neck still remains, the upper part of iron nearly rusted off, and the lower wooden portion in splinters, showing that it was broken by an act of violence. It is known historically that Cromwell was embalmed, and no person thus cared for was ever publicly gibbetted, except this illustrious man. In addition to the most authentic records concerning the head possessed by the family, and which I have sustained by historical works, and even in old manuscript in the British Museum, Mr. Flaxman, the distinguished sculptor, once gave it as his opinion that this was none other than the head of Oliver Cromwell. Yet its existence seems almost unknown in England, and only a few years ago a discussion in one of the public journals which I have seen alternately denied and advocated it. Such a rumor was in circulation, and as no one had then seen the head, it having been kept concealed, none could speak by authority. Recently the motive for concealment has passed away, and permission to see it was carefully granted. It is a curious keep-sake for a lady, but it is carefully preserved under lock and key in a box of great antiquity, wrapped in a number of costly envelopes, and when it is raised from its hiding place and held in one's hand, what a world of thought is suggested!

Paraguay.

The Rio Blanco, at present in one of our sea-ports, on her way to England, takes with her sixteen young paraguayans, who proceed to Europe for their education at government expense; the useful sciences, ship building, engineering, &c., will form a large proportion of the instruction they will receive. When they return, this knowledge will be of vast benefit to this rising republic, and Governor Lopez, by this measure, shows that, though his sway be rather despotic—perhaps necessarily so—he has the true interests of the people at heart.

The finances of the Paraguayan government are in a most satisfactory state, the receipts considerably exceeding the expenditure, and no national debts retard the progress of public improvement.

One of the largest foundries in South America is established at Asuncion, two steamers are on the stocks, and three have already been launched—the Ipora and Salto de Guayra, being two of the finest boats on the river.

A railway is about to be laid down between the capital and the town of Villa Rica, the materials for which are all at hand.

Everything speaks of progress, and if the dispute with the United States be peacefully terminated, we have no doubt that the young republic will soon become one of the most important of South American nations.

☞ The London Times reviews editorially the lamentable condition of Mexico, and concludes as follows:

"It seems there is nothing left for the United States but to consummate the work they have begun, and annex the land of Montezuma and Cortez, which, even under the lash of the slave driver, will not regret the illusion of the liberty of the Mexican Republic."

Toads are the best protection of cabbage against flies.

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Prospectus.

The first week in October we shall commence the publication of the following Original Stories, written especially for the TIMES. They are beautiful in style and thrilling in interest.

1. ETHALANDO, OR THE PRIDE OF THE MOUNTAINS; A TALE OF THE ALLEGHANIES.
2. GRACE LEE, OR THE YOUNG POETESS.
3. THE MURDERER'S DAUGHTER.

Besides these, a number of shorter sketches which will also appear weekly, thus giving a rich and varied reading for the Winter fireside.

THE TIMES is now closing its third year and the publishers are thus early preparing for still greater improvements for the fourth volume. "PROGRESSION" is the watchword, and the TIMES for 1859 shall as far surpass the present volume, as this surpasses the last year's.

In a few weeks we wish to issue a Prospectus for the New Volume, and shall present the richest programme ever offered to our people. This is not vanity. No one will acknowledge perfection in the past. Science is making new progress every year. The Atlantic Telegraph was never before a success. And there is abundant room for improvement in the Newspaper world. We pledge the fulfilment of past promises as a guarantee for the future, and only ask a like increase in our patronage. The improvements in the TIMES can advance no faster than its patronage increases. We issue this brief Prospectus and appeal as a feeler for future promises. Who will respond? Our friends tell us the TIMES is now equal to any of its cotemporaries, but we see much room for improvement.

Our circulation now is too small to justify an additional expenditure. But we want it increased immediately to 3000, and without increasing the subscription price we will nearly double the present size of the paper, making it eight pages weekly instead of four, and will introduce two new departments never before attempted in any weekly publication, North or South, either of which alone will be worth more than the subscription price. We are in earnest and mean what we say. Who will respond and give us encouragement to develope and make known our plan for the new volume? Will not each present subscriber pledge three new ones?

Let every gentleman and lady wishing success to Southern enterprise; a development of Southern talent and increased comfort in every Southern family, give the TIMES their encouragement and support.

To execute our promises successfully, it will be necessary to add to our office a Steam Power Press, therefore, we wish our friends to lend us their aid at once. As an inducement for immediate action, we will send to all new subscribers, beginning their subscription the first of October, the entire of the new volume, making the three months of the present year gratis. How many new names can be added to our list by the first of October, to commence with that truly thrilling "TALE OF THE ALLEGHANIES?"

Liberal inducements offered to agents. Address all communications to

COLE & ALBRIGHT.
Greensboro N. C.

Monthly Temperance Meetings.

We are glad to learn arrangements are again made for Monthly Temperance lectures in our town, to be continued during the Fall and Winter. The meetings of last Winter did much good, but as much, very much still remains to be done, we hope every citizen of the place will manifest the deepest interest in these meetings.

The first Address will be made by Rev. T. M. Jones on Friday night, 17th inst. This move does not belong alone to the Sons of Temperance. It is a good move in the right direction, and should not be confined to any one society or organization, but should meet with the hearty co-operation of every good citizen of the town.

Pale ale is as clear as a mirror before, as obscure as varnish.

The Golden Prize.

This is the name of a weekly paper published in New York, whose Prospectus is sent us for publication by the Publisher. We refuse to publish the Prospectus for two reasons. First it states untruths; second, the Mayor of New York pronounced it a swindling institution. The Prospectus gives a large list of contributors, and says they "write only for the Golden Prize." In this list, we find some of our regular contributors; contributions appearing in this week's *Times* from their pens, and others are on hand.

These writers may contribute to the Golden Prize or they may not; or the publisher may say they write for the Golden Prize, and to verify his word in appearance, clip their articles, as has been done from the *Times*, without credit.

For these reasons, we refuse to publish the Prospectus, holding out false colors to our readers. And if any one should read it any other paper, as we are sorry to see it in many, we merely say to them, the Mayor of New York pronounced it a *swindling institution*.

Mme. LeVert.

As many of the friends of *Mme. LeVert*, the accomplished authoress, and Vice Regent of the Mount Vernon Association for Alabama, would feel an interest in knowing of her present sojourn, we take the liberty of making an extract from a private letter received from her the present week. She left Mobill several weeks since for a sojourn at the "Virginia White Sulpher," but this letter is dated—"At Mr. Fillmore's House, Buffalo, N. Y. August 27th."

"After a delightful visit to the Falls of Niagara, we are now the guests of Hon. Millard Fillmore, who resides in Buffalo in a splendid mansion. Mr. Filmore has been for long years our friend, and we have found ourselves welcomed by himself and charming wife in the most cordial manner. In the elegant and pleasant style of an American gentleman, he receives his friends, treating them with the warmth of a sympathetic and generous nature. The beautiful simplicity of his domestic life recalls the traits of character which adorned our own Washington."

Correspondence will reach Mme. Le Vert at St Nicholas, New York.

THE REVIVAL:—The revival interest continues to increase and is more general in the congregation. We believe it is the *deepest* revival that has visited the Methodist congregation for several years. Rev. L. S. Burkhead, the minister in charge, has had no assistance, yet he has continued for two weeks to hold daily morning prayer meetings, and to preach every night, and twice on the Sabbaths. His whole heart seems to be in the good work, and though his labors have been immense, he seems to have no disposition to cease his untiring efforts in the salvation of his people. The number of converts up to Wednesday is about 30.

GOOD DOCTRINE:—A distinguished and worthy gentleman of Wilmington, encloses us two dollars, and says: "Mr. Kelly is about to open a book-store here. It will be well if you can interest him in the circulation of your paper. I would be glad to see it supplant the mischievous Northern papers that are taken so largely here."

We will make very liberal arrangements with Book Merchants in every Southern City and would be glad to receive their address that we may correspond.

Private Corner.

The Author of the "Haunted Church" sends us another sketch, "Agnes and Isabella, being some account of two tragidies." The reading almost makes the hair stand on end. Also a poem.....MARCUS—Another paper of questions. Will not some of the many who work these weekly questions with so much pleasure, also furnish some of their own make, together with original puzzles and Conundrums?.....CLARA AUGUSTA—A thousand thanks. "A girl, but a couple of years out of school (!)" And the poems you send and have sent, and the story of the Wine cup in this number of the Times mark you one of the first finished writers of the press. May your life long be spared and your pen never grow weary. Will write you in a few days.....L. H. S—A beautifully conceived and well written poem—the "Contrast." Thank you and hope we may have the pleasure of hearing from you often.....We invite attention to our Correspondence, Raleigh, Washington, Philadelphia.

NEWBERNE GAZETTE:—The first number of a large weekly Commercial and Literary paper has been received, published in Newberne, N. C., by Thomas R. Murray, Esq., We know Mr. Murray, and he will spare no expense to make the Gazette a most excellent paper. It is one of the largest sheets in the State, published at only $2 a year in advance. We wish our young friend much success.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—It is stated that Lord Derby, in answer to the representations of the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has signified the willingness of the British Government to amend the charter of the Company, so as to place its organization, &c., upon a footing of absolute equality as regards the British and American governments.

AIR-LINE RAIL ROAD.—The Anderson S. C. Gazette informs us that there was a meeting of the citizens of Anderson District on the 10th ult., at Providence Camp Ground, to secure subscriptions to the Air Line Rail Road. Speeches were to be on the occasion by Gov. J. W. Harrison, Hon. J. P. Reed and Gen. S. M. Wilkes. The Gazette seems to consider the enterprise a fixed fact.

Leisure Readings;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

We conclude this week, the interesting description of Virginia life, furnished the Knickerbocker of September, by the British Consul, G. P. R. James. The reader will remember the break in last week, at the conclusion of plantation life. We commence this week with

VILLAGE LIFE.

There is another phase of Virginia country life, where we do not have *rus in urbe*, but rather where the town finds its way into the country. Let us call this, Village Life. At some particular spot, the crossing of two or three roads, a rail-road depot, the passage of a river, or the neighborhood of a tavern, the solitary house takes unto itself a companion; another and another follow. Then must come a store, generally furnished with a vast variety of heterogeneous articles, such as hard cider and buttons, tape and butter, bacon and pins, to say nothing of needles, thread, and calico. Moreover, there is a little store of the most commonly used medicines: tincture of ginger, hive syrup, and castor oil, a good deal of laudanum, and a barrel of whiskey. But in the constant mutations of this transitory world, the store is found wanting in some respect for the needs or caprice of the neighbors. Mrs. Perkins declares that she never can get any thing she wants at the store: 'Really, Mr. Catskin, who keeps it, should be better supplied.' In the end, down comes a rival to Mr. Catskin—'a nice young man, just married.' He builds himself a house; and the new store is greatly patronized, especially if 'the nice young man, just married,' adds the faculty of preaching to that of selling bobbin and other dry-goods. The place becomes popular; more dwellings are added; the tavern grows into a hotel; a bar-room gives the opportunity and inducement to drunkenness; a row or two takes place; and the magnates of the village meet together, and consult as to what is to be done. They are not at all ambitious: they would prefer being in the village condition still; but they are becoming populous; there are at least a hundred and fifty souls in the place, including women and children; something must really be done to keep order; and nothing can be done, till an act of incorporation is obtained, and the village turned into a town. Now there is not a single legislator in the whole State, who has the least objection to its being a town, the moment that it likes it: but a mighty fuss is made over the matter; the member for the district is intrusted with the passing of the measure; it is brought forward, debated, argued, speeches are made *pro* and *con*; and the inhabitants are delighted with the importance attached to their bill. At length the *measure* is carried, and the good souls obtain the right of electing their own officers, regulating their own affairs, and managing their own business as unto them seemeth good. Next comes the first election; and only fancy the dignity and satisfaction of every man, woman, child, and little dog in the *Town*. There are eight officers to be elected, seven trustees, the chairman of whom is mayor, and one sergeant, and the number of electors is eighteen. But, alas! the contest is neither fierce nor exciting. Good Virginian common-sense comes into play. A gentleman of high literary attainments, a good knowledge of law, and a house with two wings, is the choice of his fellow citizens for mayor; and after a proportionate amount of mint-juleps, the very best even, probably, who could be selected, are named for the various offices.

It is a very curious fact, and one worthy of notice, that such in Virginia is the virtue of mint, an amount of brandy which would obfuscate the intellect if imbibed in a crude state, is so corrected and directed by the salubrious herb as to acciminate the perceptive faculties. There must not be too many glasses, however; and who shall say that too many are not sometimes drank?

In the mean time, while the election has been going on, neighbors and friends have been pouring into the town of Doodledumville; the bar stands invitingly open, and sundry minor offences are committed which might call for interference on the part of the mayor; but happily for himself and the public, he is not yet in a position to exercise his magisterial functions. But those functions must soon be exercised: municipal laws are enacted, municipal taxes are determined, and the awful face of justice is unveiled. Now, with the lady of the scales and weights, as with other people, it does not do to show her teeth without biting. Some public assemblage takes place, Heaven knows for what; Mr. Jeremy from the neighboring country gets drunk—very drunk—exceedingly drunk indeed. He becomes pugnacious; sets mayor and sergeant and even justice of the peace at defiance; he draws a bowie-knife; cares for nobody; swears he will cut somebody's throat—no matter whose. The mayor is determined to do his duty; he will have no throats cut there. The sergeant is equally determined, and, after a stout but ill-directed resistance, Mr. Jeremy is arrested. What is to be done with him? Heaven knows. There is neither prison, cage, nor lock-up in the whole place. There is not a house strong enough to keep in a sparrow. The sergeant cannot keep holding on to his neck all night. But a bright thought strikes the mayor. Luckily there is the rail-road hard by, and eke the tavern.—The mayor, with a grave and determined countenance, walks up to the delinquent and thus addresses him: 'Mr. Jeremy, you have committed a serious offence, which cannot be tolerated in the town of Doodledumville. You have got drunk, and misconducted yourself: you have damned the chief magistrate, cursed the trustees, and assaulted the sergeant. The majesty of the law must be vindicated.—Sir, till you are sober I shall commit you to prison.'

Then responds Mr. Jeremy: 'Go to h—ll, you old coon, (hiccup;) Prison! where the devil is your prison? I care no more for you than for that nigger boy, (hiccup.) You've stolen my knife, or I'd give you four inches of steel medicine.—Did'n't I fight in the Mexican war?—tell me that (hiccup)—and d'ye think I care a cuss for you or your prisons? Where's your prison? You hav'n't got such a thing, (hiccup.)'

The mayor then replies with dignity: 'Sir you stand committed! But as the whole spirit of our laws requires us to temper justice with mercy, I give you your choice, whether you will be incarcerated in the ice house or shut up in the box-car of this depot.'

MR. JEREMY: 'I don't care a straw.—Shut me up where you like, and keep me in if you can.'

The box-car is judged preferable, and Mr. Jeremy is marched off with all the honors; but alas! for the impotence of even official will. Mr. Jeremy had not only served in the Mexican war, but he had worked on a rail-road, and the next morning the box-car is found empty, and Mr. Jeremy is 'over the hills and far away.'

Such is one phase of Virgina village life. There are others and fairer ones where the native kindness of heart and true Christian benevolence, which find no where greater room for exercise than in those, small communities, are displayed in their brightest light. I must needs hurry on, however, or fail in obeying your behest.

The negro life of Virginia differs very little, I believe, from the negro life all through the South. In return for food, clothing, house-room, medical attendance, and support in old age, about one third of the labor which is required of the white man in most countries is demanded of the black. He performs it badly, and would not perform it at all if he were not compelled. The rest of his time is spent in singing, dancing, laughing, chattering, and bringing up pigs and chickens. That negroes are the worst servants in the world, every man, I believe, but a thorough-bred Southern man, will admit; but the Southerner has been reared amongst them from his childhood, and in general has a tenderness and affection for them of which Northern men can have no conception. Great care is taken by the law to guard them against oppression and wrong; and after six years' residence in the State, I can safely say, I never saw more than one instance of cruelty toward a negro, and that was perpetrated by a foreigner. That there may still be evils in the system which might be removed by law, and that there may be individual instances of oppression and even bad treatment, I do not deny, but those instances are not so frequent as those of cruelty to a wife or child in Northern lands, as displayed every day by the newspapers; and in point of general happiness, it would not be amiss to alter an old adage and say: 'As merry as a negro slave'

I must not pursue this branch of the subject farther, for I can pretend to no great love for Doctor Livingstone's friends, the Makololos. There are, beyond all doubt, some very excellent people among them; but as a race, the more I see of them the less do I think them capable of civilization, or even fitted to take care of themselves.

To give any general view of Virginia country life in a brief space, is impossible, on account of the great variety of character which the various parts of the State present. It is only to be done, if at all, by separate sketches, like that which I have attempted to give of the rise and progress of a Virginia village in the east. As a pleasant *pendant* to that picture, I may give you the portrait from more western life in the State, furnished to me by a friend who knows well the district of which he speaks, premising merely that the great Valley of Virginia, stretching nearly from one side of the State to the other, is one of the richest districts that the sun ever shines upon. He may be a little prejudiced perhaps; for according to the old Italian proverb,

'Ad agne uccello
Suo nido e bello;'

but let us see what is his portrait of

THE VALLEY FARMER.

The Western and Eastern Virginian, he says, differ as absolutely from each other as either does from the New England Puritans. Their lineage, their tastes, their habits are directly opposite. A Valley farmer is a noble specimen of the yeoman. He has little Latin and less Greek, having derived his education in an 'old field school house,' from a stern Scotch school master, who was contented with hammering into his knowledge-box the three great keys to other knowledge, reading, writing, and arithmetic. But though not learned, the Valley farmer is shrewd, sensible, and refined, with just views of human affairs, generous to others, but frugal himself; industrious and attentive to business, but full of fun in his hours of leisure; a Democrat in politics, a Presbyterian in religion, and a colonel in the militia.

As you approach his residence, you will be struck with the neatness and cleanliness of his system of farming, so different from the more slovenly course pursued on a large Eastern plantation. His gates; his fences, his out-houses, are all substantial and neat. His barn is always three times as large and handsome as his house. He is hospitable without display, and you would wound his feelings to the quick, if you refused to accept it. His table is loaded with abundance, and almost every thing is the product of his own farm.—Even the liquor which, though temperate as he is, he presses upon you with no sparing hand, is whiskey, or '*Apple-Jack*,' distilled on his own or a neighbor's estate. His dress, too, is made of domestic cloth, unless on Sunday, or on some important occasion, such as court-day, election, or muster. On these, he appears with a well-kept blue coat, glittering with brass buttons, and surmounted by one of those immense, stiff collars, which belong to the style of the court of George the Third.

He hardly ever leaves home, except on the occasions above referred to, and now and then to 'the store,' where, with a few old cronies, he discusses the crops, the weather, and the news from Richmond.—On Sunday,

'At church, with meek and unoffended grace,
His looks adorn the venerable place.'

But the church itself is worthy of some notice. One of the oldest of these buildings, in that part of the Valley which I have in my eye, is built of the native blue lime stone. It is large and substantial, and has a great antiquity for this comparatively new land, having been erected more than a hundred years ago—All the iron work, the glass, the sashes, were, they say, carried across the Blue ridge from Williamsburgh on pack-saddles: and, situated just on the edge of a noble forest of oak, walnut, and hickory, it presents a very picturesque appearance to the passing traveller. Here, every Sunday, appears the Valley farmer, to thank God sincerely for blessings past, and pray with hope and trust for others to come.

A remarkable contrast to this quiet life of useful moderation is afforded by the watering-place life of Virginia, and as Virginia has probably more watering-places than any other of the United States, this sort of life is peculiarly characteristic of the people and the country. Some people go to watering-places in search of health, but many more go for change of scene, and still more for amusement. To the Greenbrier White Sulphur, multitudes, especially from the far South, have resorted, during the summer, for very many years. Doubtless the water of that Spring is highly beneficial in a number of cases. I cannot, however, think it so to all who drink it; and I imagine that the great amount of advantage is derived from the gay society, the fine scenery, and the pure air—not omitting to mention the enforced hardships which every visitor has to bear. But scattered over the State are springs of every quality, and the searcher for health may always find some suited to his peculiar condition. Not those who go to the watering-places for amusement. There is a good deal of sameness in the daily life of the Springs, and the variety must be produced by the visitors themselves, and depends somewhat upon the taste and urbanity of the proprietors.—The morning walk, the conventional drinking of a certain quantity of water, the idling through the hotter hours of the day, the ball at night, with flirting and coquetry, are common to all watering-places. But certainly the more substantial comfort (the good food, the comfortable rooms, the attention of the servants) varies very much. The most comfortable Springs I have been at are the Old Swab and the Fauquier, and, as I am at the latter now, I may as well give some account of it as a good specimen of a Virginia watering place. The house itself is one of the finest buildings I have seen in the country, large, well built, with spacious and lofty rooms, a splendid ball room, with large ante rooms, good parlors, an extensive dining room, and chambers such as can hardly be found in any gentleman's dwelling in the land. The cabins, too, are much more spacious and convenient than at most of the Springs; and then there is, stretching before the eye, down to the very valley of the Rappahannoc, that beautiful open grove, which, with its herds of fallow deer, has very much the appearance of a gentleman's park in England. The spring is one of sulphur-water, light, easy of digestion, and certainly powerful in its effect; but surely, that which does the most good is the fine, free air, the morning walk to the well or the baths in that octagon building on the other side of the grove.

After the walk, and the drinking of the waters, comes the breakfast at one of the innumerable little tables in the dining-hall; and there, every thing that the skill of excellent cooks, served with quiet but unremitting attention by well taught servants, can do to refresh, is put before you. Oh! the mutton! the excellent, tender mutton! would that it could be had in Lower Virginia! Mutton is the favorite food of Englishmen, and a literary friend once aptly remarked, after a visit to the little island where he was received and feted as any American *gentleman* will, I trust, always be: They ought to call my countryman 'John Mutton,' rather than 'John Bull;' for it is only when he is very much provoked, that he shows his horns.

After breakfast, comes the stroll again, or, better still, the ride; and here we know no impediments. Good saddle horses are to be procured at any time, and in abundance. Mr. A——is never required to stop till Mr. B——has done his ride; but the horse is ordered, and the horse comes, as that the exercise of which Virginians are so fond, is always at hand. Games at bowls, and perhaps a little sleep, diversify the day, and then, with the shades of evening, comes the merry dance, with the best music Washington can afford.

To quiet and sober people, whose toes are neither 'light nor fantastic,' conversation, light or serious, fills up a part of this time; and happy is he who is permitted to hear the words of wisdom fall from the venerated lips of a Taney—varied, often playful, but always full of that quintessence of wisdom, common sense.—Having mentioned the name of the Chief Justice in his favorite retreat, I cannot but remark, that two of the most remarkable men whom the United States have ever produced, have sought to while away their leisure hours at Fauquier. Chief Justice Marshall's cabin stands nearly opposite that of his great successor, and the good taste and good feeling of the proprietor of the Springs has left it untouched, though it does not altogether harmonize with the plan of the grounds, or the luxurious finish of the other buildings.—There it stands, however, with an empty dog-kennel at the door, and brings pleasant remembrances of the simplest but most acute of the great lawyers to which this country has given birth.

In their general outline, the amusements of Fauquier are those of the other Springs, with all those advantages which greater shade, and proximity to Washington, can superadd. One can enjoy one's self here in weather when there is no enjoyment any where else. But there is one peculiarity in the way of amusement, which must not go without notice. It is true, that what is called the Tournament is not confined to Fauquier; but where can such another tournament ground be met with? A broad, flat arena, of several acres, surrounded by high banks, shaded by embowering trees, under which the judges and the spectators sit, would inspire to something like the ancient feats of arms, and we might expect to see the lances shivered, and the helmets dashed away, were not the age of chivalry really past. The tournament, however, of the present day, is confined to one of the minor sports of the olden time—mere running at the ring; the amusement of voices and pages. Some opportunity is afforded for the display of good horsemanship; but the really attractive part of the scene is the display of youth and beauty beneath the green boughs, and the happy faces that look on, fondly thinking that they gaze upon the sports of those chivalrous ancestors, whose deeds of gallantry and daring civilized dark ages, and gave the sublime to wars often unjust and barbarous.

I have now, my dear friend, given you what you asked, a brief sketch of my impressions of Virginia country life. Those who know it better, might have done it better, and the only value it can have, lies in the fact that it is a picture of the impressions of a foreigner. Even I may be prejudiced; for, when one has received so warm and hearty a welcome in every house, hard must be the heart, ungenerous the mind, that does not view every phase of society through a pleasant medium. I would fain have given one sketch more—that of the militia muster; but alas! I have never seen one; and I dare not venture to go beyond my depth. I remember, in years long gone, when I was a mere lad, hearing inimitable old Mathews, in one of his 'At Homes,' describe most humorously the scene; but times have changed since then, and I little thought, in those days, that the warm-hearted kindness of Virginians, to which he did full justice, would ever be personally witnessed and enjoyed by

Yours ever, G. P. R. JAMES.

The Allies in China—The Means of Bringing about the Peace.

The Atlantic telegraph has already announced the treaty of peace with China. Though the mails have not brought the news as late as that yet, the China correspondent of the London Times, furnishes that paper with an account of the passage of the allied Admirals up the river, a feat which frightened the Emperor into a treaty. He says:

As soon as the ambassadors were made aware of the complete success of the admirals they determined to follow them to Tien sin, in pursuance of their original intention, and reached that city on the morning of the 30th of May. A spacious temple, occasionally used as a residence by a former Emperor, commanding a view of the river at its junction with the Grand canal, and opposite the city, was appropriated for the accommodation of the French and English ambassadors. Numbers of Chinese servants were in attendance. Many of the rooms had been newly papered, and the work of furnishing up was going on briskly. Baron Gros and Lord Elgin occupy two light and airy pavillions on the summit of a mound, ascended by a pathway of ornamental rockwork.

Their respective staffs are scattered in sundry fragile buildings of quaint construction, with paper walls, or have made their bed rooms in a joss house, in which gods and goddesses are the principal articles of furniture. A spacious garden, enclosed by a wall, surrounds the whole.—English and French guards occupy the out houses and stand sentry at the principal entrances. The national flag floats proudly over all, and a line of gun-boats are moored within 20 yards of the windows. These consists at present of the Caromandel, Coromant, Slaney and Opossum (English) the Ayalanche, Fusee and Dragonne (French.) The Staunton, Bustard and Kestrel are anchored a mile above the town, and the Leven, Woodcock and Firm are somewhere between this and the fleet.—The Woodcock and Kestrel, both forty horse power, arrived a few days after the capture of Tungkoo. A party of engineers have also arrived from Hong Kong in the Sampson, and are engaged in blowing up the forts; after which it is expected they will come here. Numerous vamums afford abundant barrack accomodation.

Notwithstanding the great variation in the temperature, (the thermometer ranges from 65 deg. to 86 deg. in the twenty-four hours,) the health of the men continues excellent. Supplies are abundant, although some little reluctance has been apparent on the part of the country people lately in bringing them in, through fear of incurring the displeasure of the authorities.—Ice is a luxury in which the Chinese upper classes freely indulge during the summer months; boats and cooles carrying large blocks of it are constantly seen passing to and fro, and the barbarians have not been slow to avail themselves of so refreshing an article of consumption.

The interior of the city has been explored, but offers few attractions to the stranger. The streets are broader than those in Southern cities, the houses poorer, and the curiosity shops not to be discovered at all.

The wholesome effect which this movement on Tien sin has produced upon the Chinese Government is already apparent, and has proved most satisfactorily the wisdom of the policy pursued by the representatives of the four Powers, which has been to conduct negotiations at a point as near the capital as possible, so as to bring that pressure to bear upon the Imperial Government with the demands of the outer barbarians, however reasonable and moderate those may be.

The day before yesterday two new Imperial Commissioners arrived with great ceremony from Pekin. They were accompanied by a large mounted retinue, and followed by a train of mule carts carrying their baggage. These functionaries, by name Kweiliang and Hawashana, are mandarins of the highest rank in the Empire. They have announced themselves as especially empowered to treat upon all the points specified by us as subjects of negotiation by virtue of an Imperial decree, similar to that which was conferred upon Keying on the occasion of the last treaty; as a further proof which they style themselves by our manufactured word "plenipotentiary," a term unknown in their own official vocabulary.

A preliminary interview has been arranged with the British Ambassador for to-day in a building set apart for the purpose. Lord Elgin will be accompanied by a guard of one hundred and fifty marines and the band of the Calcutta. Meantime, it has been arranged that the Fury shall proceed to-morrow to Hong Kong for the purpose of sending up the troop ships Adventure and the Assistance the 59th regiment, a battallion of marines and some artillery, which the arrival of the native regiments from India and the expected advent of the 77th from Australia enable Gen. Straubenzee to spare from the garrison of Canton. The French Admiral is daily expecting a force of 600 marines who have just come out from France, so that within six weeks we may calculate upon having collected here a military force of 3,000 men, besides a very strong naval brigade. In the event of the negotiations now about to be commenced terminating unsatisfactorily, there will be no difficulty whatever, with this strong body of men, in marching to Pekin along the excellent road which leads to that city; and, however obstinate and impracticable our previous experience may lead us to believe the Chinese Government, we can hardly suppose it to be so infatuated as to brave the serious consequences which must accrue if it continues to resist our demands, with an army encamped beneath the walls of their capital prepared to enforce them.

The Bank of Charlotte has had new Notes engraved, which, for neatness and beauty of design surpass any thing of the kind we ever saw.

The late excitement made about the solvency of the Charlotte bank is all *wind*. Not a word of truth. The bank is as good as any bank in the state, and more could not be said of any bank in the Union.

Temperance Meeting in Portsmouth.

The Norfolk, Va. Transcript of the 3 inst. says of the Portsmouth Temperance meeting:

The temperance meeting last evening, at the 4th street Baptist Church, held under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance, was well attended; in fact, the church was filled to its utmost capacity when the Orders present had taken their position. W. P., Samuel J. Staples presided, and after apologizing for the absence of the speakers expected, introduced the Rev. Robt. J. Taylor, pastor of the High street Presbyterian Church, who entertained the meeting with a speech of appropriate length, in which he urged the importance of the temperance reform, the means through which it must be effected, and the glorious results that would flow from the general practice of total abstinence principles. He concluded by urging the friends of the cause to redouble their efforts in behalf of the consummation most devoutly to be wished, and his remarks were well received.

No other speakers appearing, the presiding officer invited persons to sign the pledge. One gentleman only enrolled his name; but we are confident a train of thought has been started in the minds of the people which will develop good fruit.

In the procession—though it was rather funeral on account of the failure to secure music—we noticed several "Daughters of Temperance" from Norfolk, who came over to Portsmouth with the male members of Washington Division. They attracted much attention, as did the Cadets of Temperance, an organization which is destined to exert a powerful influence in depleting the ranks of the liquorites.

The Choir, under the direction of Mr. R. G. Staples, rendered three or four odes in a most acceptable manner, adding no inconsiderable amount of enjoyment to the exercises.

About 10 o'clock the benediction was pronounced and the meeting adjourned.

FATAL RESULT OF AN APOTHECARY'S MISTAKE.—Prof. Jno Wilson, of "Southwood Schools," at Talladega, Ala., died on the 23d ult., from taking morphine sent through mistake for quinine. A letter to the Montgomery Advertiser says:

The morphine which caused the death was procured at a drug store by Mr. Wilson's son, who had been sent for *quinine*—that medicine having been ordered by a physician for a negro woman, belonging to the Professor, who was lying dangerously ill. She died shortly after its administration, apparently from the disease under which she had been laboring. Nothing particularly was thought of this; but shortly afterwards Prof. W. was attacked by a chill, and was ordered to take twenty grains of quinine in two doses. He took what he supposed to be quinine, but which was really the morphine purchased by his son, and soon after fell into a stupor, in which he died. A Mrs Lawler also died a few hours subsequently from the same cause. The excitement in Talladega in consequence of these sudden deaths is said to have been intense.

RUN UPON THE "DANVILLE BANK."—The Danville Bank went into operation Saturday last, right in the midst of a "panic." The proclamation of the Governor of the State having been issued on Thursday last authorizing this institution to begin business, the Board of Directors were ready from that day to make discounts, but in consequence of the notes not arriving from New York, they had no ammunition to fire, except some boxes of gold coin which have been lying in the vaults of the Bank of Virginia for a week or two. Saturday the notes arrived by express, the Board at once began to issue them, and then says the *Register*, begun the run upon the Bank—a run not for specie but for notes. The President and Cashier affixed their signature to the sheets, one director cut the notes apart and another counted them out; and in this way nearly seven thousand dollars issued in an hour or two. Several persons from a distance got a supply of them just "to show." One well known citizen of the "State of Patrick," who trades a good deal at Danville and is well known here, had been waiting three or four days, for some of the new money. So soon as the notes arrived he pocketed his portion, mounted his steed and put out for his native "State." Those notes will scarcely come back here for redemption. The holder was quite averse to parting with them himself. He had to pay, in a few days, a curtail on a debt to one of the Savings Banks in this place but said that he *could not* part with the new notes;" he would go all the way home and send back some old money. Thus the notes of the Danville Bank already, have a circulation, and are in good repute in a foreign State."

TERRIBLE, IF CORRECT.—A report was current in New York Tuesday morning to the effect that a prominent witness, in the case of Donnelly who was hung for the murder of Moses, the bar-keeper of the Ocean House, died on Friday night last, confessing himself to have been the murderer of Moses and declaring that Donnelly was innocent of any complicity in the crime. This rumor needs confirmation. If true it will teach future juries a very important lesson. The Paterson Democrat, in referring to this murder, says:

"We have always contended that in the trial of Donnelly, there was no positive evidence produced of his guilt, and that the circumstances presented were not sufficient to justify his condemnation."

FROST AND SNOW:—A heavy white frost was observed early on Tuesday morning last on low grounds in several places near Boston. At Franklin, N. H. there was a snow squall on the same morning, lasting about five minutes.

WASHINGTON, September 1.—Three prominent citizens of Hayti have arrived in this city. Their visit to this country is made with the view of inducing the free negroes to emigrate to Hayti.

CONTRACTS FOR HOGS AT THE WEST.—We learn from the Cincinnati Price Current that contracts are being made for hogs in Indiana and Kentucky at $4 to $4 25 gross, which is equal to $5 75 to $3 net, delivered there.

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept., 6th 1858.

Progress of Science—Counterfeits on, and solvency of North-Carolina Banks—Architectural—Investigation into the P. O. R—Revival at Chapel Hill—First Bale Cotton—Fatal Railroad accident &c.

Dear Times:—At length and at last, the Cable celebrations and illuminations, the rejoicings and speechifications are a fixed fact, a conclusion, finished, past, ended. So much for the predictions of those who boldly declare to Science "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;" in this age of Progress, it will never be the part of wisdom to set the bounds of Success. Every day we see problems worked out and their products made play things for our children, which the wisest men of old, and even of modern times, have again and again declared "impossible." Fulton offered to build a steamboat for Napoleon; but a commission of French philosophers declared it "impossible." Stephenson, one of the first engineers the world ever knew, and himself the constructor of one of the marvels of the time, declared before a committee of the House of Commons of England that it was "impossible" for a *Steamer* to cross the Atlantic. And now in view of all this, truly may we ask, what more remains to be done, unless "man become as one of the God's, and put forth his hand and take of the Tree of Life and eat and live forever?"

To consider this great work in *something* of a caviling spirit, though to speak sincerely, no one has a greater respect for the skill and science, so successfully displayed or will more joyfully hail the blessings springing from its completion, let us ask what, after all, is the great question, "*Will it make us wiser, happier or better?*" True, it may make us richer, it binds the great family closer, making our hearts beat in unison; it brings us news from London in an hour. All this is true. But does it make us love our neighbor? does it bind up the broken heart or wipe away the falling tear? We knew before, *how* to do these things, but alas, we did them not! Shall we begin now? Man early in his existence plucked the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge and however better the consequences may be, he found it good and pleasant; who would now prefer knowledge, gained at such a sacrifice? who does not

"—— weep to think his recreant race
Should e'er have lost *that glorious place.*"

It will be recollected that, some time since, a notorious counterfeiter in Cincinnati, being hotly pursued by the police, threw into the river seven plates of notes of several banks, among them that infamous $10 of the Bank of the State, and another equally so on the Merchants Bank of Newbern. The rogue was finally arrested but, the river being in its flood, the plates have only recently been recovered; they were placed in the care of the famous engravers, Rawdon, Wright & Co. who with a generosity and kindness, which knows no stint, and thinks of no reward, have determined to send to each Bank, the counterfeit plate of its own notes, considering it dangerous that the means of so much wrong, should be even in the hands of the Police. The vile plate on which were manufactured those dangerous imitations of the notes of the Bank of the State, 10's, with the Capitol and Canova's Statue, has arrived here and is now safe in the Bank; so no more will be issued from that plate and as the Bank has long since called in, and burnt all of *her issue of this plate*, that she could lay hands on it is to be hoped fewer fingers will be burnt.

Some excitement has been raised here, in regard to the solvency of the Bank of Charlotte. It is believed here, by the best informed parties, that these reports are entirely without foundation and that the Bank is perfectly sound; the private property of the Stockholders being responsible. The Banks here continue to receive the notes as usual. Some months ago this Bank of Charlotte had a difficulty with a Baltimore Broker, the Bank refusing to redeem some $28.000 of its notes, which were thereupon protested by the Broker; the Bank was then in a state of suspension; it has since resumed specie payments, and paid Gold for these notes. It is probably from this matter and from another, which occurred about a year ago, but which has been satisfactorily adjusted, that these reports originated. All the Banks of our State it is believed are prepared to pay dollar for dollar, in Gold, for their notes, with the unfortunate exception of the Farmers Bank at Elizabeth City; and it is hoped that she is daily progressing to a sound condition; the notes are received and paid out by several of the Banks.

Mr. Percival, the Architect, has roused up quite a spirit of improvement in our city, and the ornamental creations of his genius cluster around us, with the most pleasing effect, adding grace and beauty as well as comfort to the homestead. In a few years Raleigh, having as it really has, so many advantages, will present an aspect most worthy of our metropolitan City. A few days since Mr. P. laid, with appropriate ceremonies, the corner stone of an elegant villa for Wm. M. Boylan, on the high hill in front of the Lunatic Asylum, and facing the nearly finished mansion of R. S. Tucker, near St. Mary's. When complete these two houses will compare most advantageously with any others in the United States, whether in regard to elegance or comfort.

It is rumored that we are to have a change in the Post-Office here; Mr. McGuire, the special agent of the P. O. D., has been investigating matters and does not find *every thing* exactly satisfactory. F. I. Wilson, of the Standard, is spoken of as likely to be the successful candidate, though there are other "Richmonds in the field;" the office is stated to yield the little pile of $3.100, per annum.

The revival at Chapel Hill is very promising and there is hardly a place in the country more in need of the refreshing influence. It seems to have commenced by spontaneous impulse among the Students; many have been already gathered into the true fold. Rev. Dr. Hooper is there on a visit, several ministers have gone up from this City.

Wilson W. Whitaker forwarded last week to Petersburg the first bale of new cotton from this county; Mr. W. is an enterprising and very successful farmer.

On Friday evening last, as the Raleigh & Gaston train was passing under the bridge on Hillsboro' street, a laboring man from abroad, and supposed to be incited thereto by liquor, jumped off the train. He had a bottle in one hand his child on his arm; and to say he stumbled and a wheel passed over his leg, shattering it most awfully; the bottle and the baby escaped unhurt. Dr. Dupre and Dr. E. J. Haywood, were immediately in attendance, but their utmost skill was unavailing. The sufferer was carried to the house of Mr. Hood, who was a connexion of his, and died during the night.

Yours &c., P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Philadelphia, Sept. 3rd, 1858.

Dear Times:—Our noble city was the scene of much festivity and rejoicing on Wednesday, 1st inst., full particulars of which, our papers of yesterday and to day will have given you. The occasion was the Celebration of the successful laying of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable. We trust that the Cable is satisfied with the remarkable demonstrations here and elsewhere got up in its honor, and that it will forever show its appreciation of it by resting in peace and quiet upon its bed in "the dark caverns of the vasty deep," content never to split up, or rust out; and spare us the trouble of another such distressing jubilee. The day was glorious, and the spirit of the metropolis was fairly stirred up. In the neighborhood of Independence Hall, especially, was there an animated and a noisy time of it, while clubs and mass meetings of men, with speechifying, toast drinking, etc., were about, in various portions of the city. The military made a fine parade, and men, women and children make a tremendous turn-out, filling the railroad cars, crowding the streets, packing themselves into the public squares, and scattering about loosely everywhere. The night was the most brilliant part of the ceremonies, made so by the torch-light procession of the firemen, and the fireworks. Chesnut Street, Second Street, Eigth Street, Broad Street, were all literally jammed. The route of the procession was lined with people, and the neighborhood of the fireworks was fairly alive with the multitude. Altogether, it was a brilliant celebration. At least so says the *Ledger*.

Philadelphia mechanics have achieved another proud triumph, within the past week, as they never fail to do when competing for first-best in any branch of art. The board of Boston Engineers, who offered several prizes recently for perfection in Steam Engines, have, after several trials, awarded the first prize, ($500.00,) to the machine "Philadelphia," built in this city by Reaney Neaffie & Co., for one of our Companies. The victory is the more to the credit of the Keystone city, as the machine was not built to compete for the prize, as others were. The "Philadelphia's" firemen speak glowingly of their kind treatment while in Boston. Quite in contrast with this is, the disgraceful conduct of a large portion of the New York firemen, while the "Philadelphia" stopped in that small hearted town on her return home. At a fire, at which their own Mayor had requested to see the machine in operation, they threw obstacles in her way, refused to give her water, taunted, and jeered her, and finally, when they saw how utterly unavailing were all their envious schemes, and the "Philadelphia" proudly triumphing over their boasted apparatus in all its array, contemptibly, shamefully, cowardly, turned the streams they were playing against the Philadelphia firemen. Magnanimous conduct! Even the New York Herald, the most contemptible paper in the universe, and the bitterest, most mischievous, most envious enemy Philadelphia has in that city, is shocked beyond measure at this disgraceful piece of work.

To turn to something pleasant! How brilliantly "*Russell's* Magazine" closes its third volume, with the September number, just arrived in the Keystone city today. The book stands are dispensing them in numbers, and we see it turned to with considerable avidity by the *habitues* of our popular Mercantile Library. It is getting to be a favorite everywhere, and, as the Irishman said of the water coming over Niagara, What's" to hinder it?" Indeed, we see nothing. It treats of everything that can properly be embraced within the range of really first class periodicals. It treats of these things, we say, and as, as the Irishman again says "a good deal depends on the treatment," it is a pleasant thing, a fortunate thing, to find a periodical like "Russell" that can do all, and do all well, that it undertakes. Bancroft's History, Nathanael Greene, Wine and the Vine culture,, Aunt Agatha's Story, Burr and Hamilton, Feasting the lions, etc. made up the contents of the September number. October will begin a new volume, and let every southern reader step up promptly to its aid. A periodical that does the South so much honor should never want for patronage. Russel & Co., Charleston.

The last number, (744, August 28th) of "Little's Living Age," is well freighted with a list of interesting contents, many of them of no ordinary value. The article on Admiral Blake, a criticism, from the Quarterly Review, of Hepworth Dixon's admirable Life of that man, is of considerable importance, if for nothing else than the general attention it directs to the study of Biography, all Biography, the noble art in which the ancient's excelled. Buckle's History of Civilization, a Review from the same Quarterly, is a scathing criticism of a work that is just now attracting a more than ordinary attention among men of letters. Something on my Mind, Memories of Rachel, My Lady Ludlow, Bonpland, etc., are briefer pieces, all of interest. The "Age" is deserving of a very large circulation, and is mailed free of postage, to any address.

Two excellent works in historic fiction, both in the convenient pamphlet form of the Petersons' half-dollar Novelist's Library, have recently been issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia. The one is "Whitehall, A Tale of the Times of Oliver Cromwell," by the Author of Whitefriars; the other the well-known, capital Romance, "Stories of Waterloo," by W. A. Maxwell, author of Luck is Everything, The Bivouac, Wild Sports of the West, etc. The former is a thrillingly interesting period of England's history. Noll Cromwell is a prominent figure, and an exciting interest following his movements is continued throughout the story. The "Stories of Waterloo" is a graphic picture, or rather a series of pictures of that famous battle. It is lively and pleasantly told, is spirited and characteristic in its incidents, relating with enthusiasm many exciting scenes at the famous encounter of France and England in Napoleon and Wellington. Either one of these works is richly worth reading, and may be mailed to any part of the country.

"The Flower of the Flock" is Pierce Egan's new domestic Romance, published in very neat fifty-cent pamphlet form, by F. A. Brady, esq., New York the American publishers of Dicken's Household words." It comes highly recommended by the London Spectator, Examiner and other standard authorities, one of which truthfully says "Modern fiction has no pages surpassing the Flower of the Flock."

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Sep. 6th, 1858.

The Cable rejoicings—Washington as compared with N. Y. and Philadelphia celebrations—Reopening of the Theatre—A heavy storm.

The event of the last week was the monster celebrations gotten up on the 1st. of the present month in various cities of the Union commemorative of the completion of the Ocean Telegraph. In New York, where the presence of Cyrus W. Field and numbers of his co-laborers lent additional interest to the *fete*, nothing had ever before equalled the splendor and magnificence of the display. Nearly every trade and occupation in life was represented in the monster procession that graced Broadway—the number of strangers in the city far exceeded that on any previous occasion—the illuminations were very general throughout all the principal streets, and the pyrotechnic exhibition and firemen's parade that closed the day's festivities were by no means the least attractive features of the celebration. In Philadelphia the rejoicings were scarcely less enthusiastic. Jayne's hall—the largest in that city was thronged with the citizens desirous of celebrating the great event, while Independence square was also crowded with a vast and enthusiastic assemblage. In Washington the scene formed quite a contrast to that exhibited in her sister cities. Although it had been generally understood that the City Authorities had determined to fire salutes during the day, nothing of the kind took place. The city seemed even more quiet than usual. At night one of the hotels, the Telegraph Office, and two or three restaurants lighted up their establishments. A ready made clothing house on Pensylvania Avenue seized the occasion as favorable for obtaining notoriety, employed a band of Music to play in front of their store, illuminated the premises, set off squibs and rockets from their roof and managed to get up quite a stir in that part of the city, until a refreshing rain, which commenced about 9 o'clock, cooled off their patriotic emotions. Thus did the citizens of the Metropolis manifest their joy at the Union of the Continents.

The return of many visitors from the Springs has encouraged the managers of our Theatre to reopen their establishment which has been closed during the heat of the Summer season. The first attraction will be Edwin Boothe who begins an engagement to-morrow night, as Cardinal Richelieu.

Quite a gale swept over our city on Saturday afternoon doing some damage in various parts of the city. The rain however that succeeded it, has laid the dust—a consummation always devoutly to be wished—at least as far as this city is concerned. Q.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

Messrs Editors:—

Permit me to say, for the encouragement of Young Ladies educating themselves for Teachers, that there is a great and growing demand for *Southern Female Teachers*. I have desirable situations secured and offered for all the young ladies educated in this Institution, and a demand besides that I cannot supply. There are applications not only from many parts of this State, but also from Virginia, South Carolina, Alabama, and even as far South as Texas.

The salaries offered, are from two hundred to four hundred dollars, and board, per annum. I feel prepared now to guarantee situations to all who may be educated in this Institution. I could advise Ladies who are teaching the English Branches only, and for inadequate compensation, to come and study the Ornamental Branches, and qualify themselves to secure through our aid more lgerative positions.

WM I. LANGDON, *Proprietor,*
Female Normal School.

High Point, N. C.

SOUTHERN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A communication in the Columbia Guardian suggests the formation of a Southern Pomological Society for the propagation and diffusion of southern fruits. Charlotte is recommended by the writer as the best place to hold the first meeting, say about the first Monday in November. The writer says:

"It might be easy to show, that for the culture of Fruits the southern States possess superior advantages, and that their earlier maturity enables us to throw them upon the market before the northern cultivator has dreamed of gathering his; but argument is useless where facts are before us. See the large shipments made from Charleston the present season, and the immense profits which a few individuals have realized by energy and enterprise."

The Mecklenburg Agricultural Fair is to be held here on the 4th and 5th of November, and if it is desired to hold a convention of the kind suggested that would be the best time.—*Charlotte Dem.*

INDIANS BECOMING CIVILIZED.—About seventy five of the Sioux Indians have signified their intention to adopt the dress of their pale-face brethren, and pursue an agricultural life on their farms or lands near the Agency, where many of them have now from five to ten acres under cultivation. But the greatest step toward civilization is their requesting Superintendent Cullen to bring a pair of shears to their settlement in order to cut off their hair! This, all uncivilized or half civilized Indians look upon with perfect abhorrence. Unclipped hair with the Indian is just as indispensable as the blanket; and a violation of this usage is a forfeiture of Indian character.—*Minnesota Statesman.*

MARRIED,

On the evening of the 2nd inst., by Frances Simpson, Esq., Mr. DAVID L. HOPKINS, and Miss NANNIE ANN WILLIAMS, all of Rockingham county N. C.

DIED,

In this place, on Monday morning, 6th inst., DAVID C. CALDWELL, aged 10 years.

The Captured Africans.

As the arrival of a captured slave ship at Charleston is an event new to the present generation of citizens and residents, it will be readily supposed that it has furnished the chief staples of conversation in all parties.

The Echo, in which the Africans were captured, is a full rigged brig of 200 tons with a slave deck, fore and aft masts, and presents generally the appearance of a "smart" vessel. The vessel was formerly known as the Putnam, of New Orleans, which title can yet be traced, in part on her stern.

So far as we have ascertained particulars, the Echo took on board four hundred and fifty Africans, from the Guinea coast, and had been out forty-five days when captured.

The number of Africans returned and delivered to the United States Marshal, Dr. D. H. Hamilton, was three hundred—two hundred and sixty males and forty females. This shows a mortality at the rate of thirty-three per cent since the departure from Africa. The mortality, as calculated in time, has diminished since the Echo was captured.

In order to make arrangements and provisions for the best possible relief for the Africans, now under disease, the captive crew was landed yesterday at Castle Pinckney. This step was taken of course, by authority, and with the consent of all concerned, and the transfer was made by the steamer Gen. Clinch, chartered for that purpose by James Conner, Esq., United States District Attorney. A guard detailed from the United States force in this command, has been assigned to Castle Pinckney.

As the Africans passed from the steamer to Castle Pinckney wharf, they presented a sad and affecting sight, which was closely observed by all present. Many were reduced to walking skeletons, and some evidently in a dying condition. A few indicated dropsies, and there were instances of hernia. Some also exhibit traces of other diseases, but a goodly number were apparently in health. Many of them are very young.

Sixteen seamen of the captured crew were brought up to the city in steam-tug Aid, and have been lodged in jail, under charge of the United States Marshal. They are able-bodied and fine looking seamen—the profits of this trade being sufficient to secure the best crews.

The Captain—or the one supposed to have been in command of the Echo—is still a prisoner in the Dolphin, and will probably be taken to Boston for trial.—*Charleston Courier*, 30th.

The laws provide the penalty of death of those who are concerned in the violation of the United States laws prohibiting the slave trade. The Mercury says that "their trials will take place at Columbia, before His Honor Judge Wayne, Circuit Judge, James Conner, U. S. District Attorney, prosecuting officer. The Court begins to sit the 4th Monday in November."

Speaking of the crew, the Mercury says "One is a Greek, one an Italian; some of them are Portuguese, some Spaniards and some English. Some of them talk about New York, but none now admit that they are Americans, or have a whereabouts in this country. These smugglers are a desperate looking set of fellows."

The officers and crew of the Dolphin, under the laws of 1819, will receive a bounty of twenty-five dollars for each African who has been delivered to the United States Marshal.

THE RESCUED AFRICAN NEGROES.

The Richmond Whig says the President has determined that the rescued Africans now at Charleston shall be sent back to Africa at the expense of the General Government, to which end a proper United States agent will be sent out for their protection, as far as possible, on arriving there. Formerly, we are told, the Government kept such an agent on the coast; but of late years the practice has been discontinued, because it was found that there was nothing whatever for him to do.

We regret that these poor creatures are to be sent back into their native barbarism. Now that they are here, it would be a thousand fold better for them to be permitted to remain. They would have good masters, and plenty of good food and clothing; and would be made useful to themselves and to the world.

It is evident that the laws against the slave trade are wholly inefficacious, and will, perhaps, forever remain so. We think the very best policy would be to repeal them, and then legalize and regulate the traffic according to humane and just views. As long as the profits of the slave trade are so enormous, it will be carried on in spite of law. Men will risk everything for money—and there is always lots of money in a cargo of live Africans. A gentleman writing in the Charleston *Mercury* gives a graphic and interesting account of a visit to these poor wretches, and concludes his communication as follows:

I cannot close without one reflection.—It is a painful concession, but it must be made:—that the slave trade cannot be suppressed by coercive measures. The efforts of three or four principal Powers of the world have failed, and indeed aggravated the evil. The traffic in slaves is as old as the African race, and will be coeval with it. It is as plainly sanctioned by the Bible as any other traffic. But the law declaring the slave trade piracy has not checked, but by enhancing the price, has stimulated it. The negroes, purchased on the West Coast at from 50 cents to $1, and costing scarcely more than $10 or $15 to be delivered on the coast of Cuba, were all to be sold by contract at $560 round, or one hundred and seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty dollars ($177,980) for the cargo. Such gains are too tempting to be resisted by those who make haste to be rich. The traffic in slaves is no sin; but the slave trade, as conducted, is a great crime. But that crime, and all other crimes, will continue while the world lasts. Hence punitory laws and provisions; and the man who would not mitigate the horrors of the slave trade while it goes on, because he would sanction the traffic is as wise as he who would have no prison discipline, because he abhorred crime and criminals. I am, therefore, irresistibly led to the conclusion (and the recent visit has had a great agency in it) that the laws, as they now stand, should be repealed, and in their stead provisions should be made to secure the comfortable treatment of the slave.

President Buchanan's message to Queen Victoria, having reference to the inviolability of telegraphic despatches, was unfavorably noticed by the London press.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET Sep. 9.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 12½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 12½@; Coffee 14@16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6@8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@5.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@60; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@.00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 16¾, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Sep. 7.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar. Crushed,	11½		Spirits,		48
Loaf,	12½		*Tar,*		1 60
C. Yellow,	10	10¾	*Candles,*		23 28
A. Coffee,	11	11½	Sperm,		50 60
Brown,	8	9½	Tallow,		16 18
Rio,	11½	12½	*Cotton,*		11½
Laguayra,	12½	13	*Salt,* Alum,		25
Java,	18	20	Sack,		75 1
St. Domingo,	13		*Bacon,*		12
Molasses, by hhd.,	27		*Oates,*		50
by bbl.,	30		*Corn,*		70
Cheese,	12½		*Pork,*	19.	20
Lard,	13		*Mullets,*		8.00
Flour, Family	6.00		*Mackerel,*		10
Super.	7.50		*Rice,*		3.50
Spts. Terpentine,	3 00		*Meal,*		75
Hard,	1.50		*Peas,*		1.1.11

NEW BERNE, MARKET, Sep. 7.
Reported expressly *for the Times*
By D. C. STYRON, Dealer in Produce &c.

Flour (N.C.)	5.50	6.00	L. Potatoes		1.40
Corn ℔ bus.		50	S. Potatoes bus.		1.00
Meal ℔ bus.		80	Peas	12	1.50
Rice ℔ 100	3.50	4.50	Tobacco		00
Pork Mess Bbl		20	Drum Fish	5 00	6.00
Bacon hog round	12½		Trout do	5.50	6.50
Lard	12½		Blue	5.50	6.50
Butter	20	30	Ocean Shad		10.00
Beef	10	a11	Herring	4 25	5.50
Molasses by Hhd.		30	Turp'tine Scrape		2.00
do by Bbl.		35	" dip		3.3 0 5
Sugar R'd Coffee	9	a11	" Virgin		3.60
" Crushed	12½		Cotton		11
" P. R.	8½	to9½	Spts. Turpentine		40
Coffee Laguayra	14	a15	Alum Salt ℔ bus.		25
" Rio	13	a14	Salt ℔ Sack	1.00	a1.25
" Capo	12	a13	Hay		1.00
Vinegar Bbl.		5.00	Oats		1.1.15

NORFOLK MARKET. Sep. 6.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants

Flour, Family	7.50		*Flaxseed,*		1.40
Extra	7.00		*Beeswax,*		28.03
Superfine	6.25		*Dried Apples,* ℔ bu. of		
Corn. Mixed & W.	82	a84	28lbs.	1.81	a
Yellow	88	a90.	" *Peaches,* 40lbs. ℔		
Wheat, White	1.30	a1.35	bu.	5.25	
Red	1.a	20.25	*Bacon,* W. sho'ld	9.00	
Cotton,	11½		do. Sides	10½	.11
Peas, Black Eye.	1.40		N. C. a Va. Hog		
Red & Black	75	80	round,	12½	
Lard, N.C. a V. no. 1	.15		*Staves,* R.O. hhd	30	34
do do	2	...12½	W.O. pipe.	55.70	
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		do hhd	60.70	
do No 2.	11.00		do bbl.	42.48	
do 3.	10.00				

REMARKS.—Receipts flour larger demand fair sales at quotations. Dried fruit sells readily receipts large demand good. Groceries no change.

Professional Cards.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1-1y.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105-tf.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53-1y.

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

C. G. DUNN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, 70 Wall st., New York City.
126-tf.

J. THOMAS BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, will practice in the Courts of the cities of Richmond and Petersburg, and the counties of Henrico and Chesterfield.
☞ Office on Main street, opposite the American Hotel, Richmond, Va. 136-2m.

DR. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country.

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.
Feb. 1, 1858. 108-1y.

SCOTT & GORRELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES, Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles, etc., Garrett's new brick building,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
☞ Photographic Gallery on second floor.
1858. 110 1y

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

THOSE INDEBTED TO THE FIRM OF E. W. OGBURN, & CO., would do well to call and settle, and by that means they will save cost. JAS. W. DOAK,
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

R. L. DONNELL'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY is now opened, and Cameotypes, Melainotypes, and Ambrotypes, which cannot be surpassed for durability and beauty are taken in Lockets, Pins and Cases, to suit the tastes and purse of all.

Call and examine Specimens, and learn the Prices. Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building. West Market, Greensb., N. C. 104-1y.

PATRONIZE SOUTHERN LITERATURE, AND SUBSCRIBE

for Willie Lighthorn's Forthcoming Work, "Fact, Fiction and Poesy." The author is a native Charlestonian. The incidents of the thrilling Romance and delightfully interesting Tale, lie in the South, bearing the reader from the rushing waters of the Mississippi to the heaving besom of the sun-lit Copper, in our own State; and the work will be published in Charleston. As the work will be limited to subscription, those who desire to patronize a Charleston book, and peruse an excellent and thrilling work, which "has been universally admired, not alone for its finished composition and dramatic incidents, but for its naturalness and pure morality," will find subscription lists at Russel & Jones', Courtenay & Co's. and at all the principal Book Stores in the State.

Elegantly bound in Muslin.....$1.25
Paper Covers.....50

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

ALSO,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO LIQUOR SELLERS.

We offer our entire stock of Liquors at COST, consisting of all grades of Brandies, Wines, Whiskeys, &c., &c.

We do this because we have determined to abandon the sale of Liquor. Those dealing in Liquor will do well to give us a call.
May 20th. COLE & AMIS.

NEW BOOK STORE.—I Expect

To open by the first of October next a full assortment of Books and Stationery at the store at present occupied by Mr. Wm. S. Casen, between Mr. David Aaron and Hedrick & Ryan's, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of the public patronage. I shall take pleasure in ordering any article in my line that my patrons may wish. Samples of Sewing Machines kept on hand.
Wilming ton, N. C. GEO. H. KELLEY.

NOTICE.—I HAVE DISPOSED

of my stock of Groceries to Messrs. Kelly & Wilson, who continue at the old stand, and will take pleasure in selling to my former patrons. As I wish to leave for the North in a few days, I hope all that are indebted to me by note or account will call *immediately* and pay up. Either of the firm or their clerk will receive all monies due me, and give receipts for the same during my absence.
GEO. H. KELLY.
Wilmington, Aug. 16.

Female Normal School, High Point, N. C.,
August the 15th, 1858.

To the Members of the Masonic Fraternity in North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia,

BRETHREN:

I would respectfully call your attention to the above School, and state that I desire your co-operation in the work of educating such of the destitute female orphans, or children of Masons as wish to be teachers. I am willing to admit twenty-five such young ladies and credit them with the entire amount of tuition until they can teach and pay it. I would therefore enquire, 1st. Whether you can send any such to my School, and give or loan them the amount necessary for their other expenses of board, books, &c. And, 2nd. Whether I could probably secure in your vicinity paying pupils, whose patronage would aid me in accomplishing the above work. Any aid you can individually render in this way will be thankfully received. I am now aiding several of the destitute orphans and daughters of Masons, as well as others, and will continue to do so, as far as my means and patronage will justify.

Yours Fraternally,
WM. I LANGDON,
133—3t. *Proprietor.*

House and Lot for Sale.—THE House and Lot, now occupied by R. P. Dick, Esq., situated in the northern end of the town of Greensboro, is offered for sale. The house is good, and the lot contains about ten acres and is well improved. The location is one of the most desirable, for a family residence, in the town. Persons wishing to purchase are referred, by the present owner, Dr. B. F. Arrington of Goldsboro, to
J. D. CAMPBELL.
Greensboro, N. C., 122:tf.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
and
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

Who wants a Book? For the accommodation of the citizens of Greensboro and others, the undersigned have made arrangements to furnish at Publishers' prices, any book wanted. Historical, Scientific, Professional, Religious, Poetical or any work of any kind in market. No commission will be charged. It is only an accommodating agency, to order such books as may be wanted.

Call at the Times Office and leave your orders. All books to be paid for on delivery.
COLE & ALBRIGHT.
Greensboro, Sept. 1st 1858.

NOTICE.—ALL PERSONS INDEBTED to the firm of Ogburn, Cole & Albright are requested to make immediate settlement, as the business must be arranged for settlement with the Administrator of E. W. Ogburn, dec'd. Persons having claims against the firm must also present them for settlement.
COLE & ALBRIGHT.
June 3, 1858. Surviving Partners.

JUST AT HAND—A Superior article of Adamantine Candles at 25 cts. per lb., by the Box. COLE & AMIS.
March 31, 1858.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!

THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH.
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, 4 doors North of the court house, Greensboro, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

LENOIR COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, MALE & FEMALE, Lenoir co., N. C.
REV. L. BRANSON, A. B., *Principal.*

The fall session opens the 4th of August. Young men and ladies are well educated here, or, prepared to enter the best colleges. Students coming from the hill country, have found the change delightful—the Eastern breezes pleasant—the climate mild, healthful and salubrious. Situated in a rich country, near navigation, land and water products are *cheaper* and more *delicious* than in many other sections.

Board per month only..... $7
Tuition per session from..... $10 to $15
Ornamentals, low in proportion.
For catalogues apply to the Principal or
W. H. CUNNINGGIM, Secretary
Lenoir Institute, N. C., June 15, 1858
(127.3mo)

A CARD.—MASONIC CLASSIC INSTITUTE.—Rockboro, Person N. C.
Rev. JAMES H. BRENT, A. B., Principal.
Mr. JOHN C. BRENT, Assistant.
Commences its next Session, the last Wednesday, in August.
Tuition, from $7½ to $20 per Session.
Board—$8 per month.
JAMES H. BRENT.
July, 1858. 134—4m.

GRÆFENBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE.

This Institution is supplied complete in appliances: Anatomical Specimens of every part of the body wet and dry and with drawings truly attractive: Chemical, Surgical and Obstetrical Apparatus: good Library: Herbarium, with a fine Cabinet of Minerals.—We feel satisfied of our success and competency in imparting a thorough knowledge of the Medical Sciences, from the success and prosperity of our students, arising, no doubt, from our rigid discipline and thorough prosecution of the science.

First Branch taught is Anatomy; then Anatomy and Physiology; then Obstetrics and Chemistry; then Surgery, Therapeutics, and Institutes, and Practice of Medicine together. This is certainly a more impressive and thorough mode than that of teaching all the branches together—as for instance, teaching the mode and operation of Medicine through the Nervous and Vascular system, their effects upon the various organs and their application to certain diseases, without a knowledge of the structure and functions, and morbid condition of parts, is a source, of much confusion and embarrassment to students in the prosecution of the science.

Our examinations are public and thorough, and have been eulogized more than all of the schools; and our classes will answer as many questions as one half of the candidates for graduation in the United States, at our annual examinations. Besides, they are taught to read the Bible, and not to swear, gamble, or drink ardent spirits. We want none but amiable, good young men, who will deport themselves well.

Our examinations will come off in March from the 20th to the 24th.

The Winter Sessions will open the 1st of November and terminate the 28th of March.

TUITION, $100; Diploma Fee and Honor, $25; Board, washing and lodging, $14 per month.

One Winter course eligible to graduate.

Full and complete instructions on all branches as taught in other institutions. Strict system of study and discipline; profanity, gambling and drinking of ardent spirit positively prohibited. Text-Books most approved by Medical Colleges.

The SUMMER SESSION, of 1858, will open the 10th of April and terminate the 20th of August. Students attending one course, in any other Medical School, will be eligible to graduate the Summer course.

TUITION, $60; Diploma Fee and Honor $25; Matriculation, $5; Board and lodging $12½.

The Diploma of this Institution, entitles the possessor to every advantage in the practice of Medicine, that is granted by any Medical College in the United States, as set forth in its charter.

PROPOSITION—Winter course of 1858 to Students from North Carolina, from 5 up to 9 can receive their Tuition Matriculation Diploma Fee, Honor, Board, Lodging and Fires for $185 each student; 10 and upwards, $180 each. Any county sending three, Tuition of one good poor young man *gratis*, recommended by any respectable officer of the County. Their examination will be published by some of the papers of the State. Address,
PROF. J. F. SHEPARD, Dean.

THE TIMES.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Departed Joys.

BY M. D. WILLIAMS.

Joys of my youth, ye have all passed away,
And my raven-hued locks, ye are fast turning grey,
The blossoms of hope, are scattered and flown,
And I, with my grief, tread life's pathway alone:
The skies are yet fair, and the blossoms of spring.
The birds of the forest, enchantingly sing,
But alas! to my spirit, no pleasure they bring.

Sunbeams of life, ye are dim, o'er my way.
Sad, are the sounds of the mild waters' play,
The foliage of nature, is fair to my view,
But what, now, to me, are the sunshine and dew?
The last tie to earth, has been severed in twain,
And hence, unto me, all its treasures are vain;
I ne'er can rejoice, the spring time again.

Land-scapes of earth, ye enchant me no more,
For the soft-thrilling whispers of hope are all o'er,
The bird-songs, and flowers, are unheeded, and I
Am sad, as I gaze, on the soft summer sky.
The voice that could soothe me, the smile that could cheer,
The words of affection, soft, thrilling, and clear,
And the lips, which would breathe them, alas! are not here.

Joys that abide, when the dark days have come,
Ye point to the realms, where the ransomed have gone,
The thensures, and blossoms, of earth, pass away.
But Father! thy promise, forever is yea,
For this, tho' thou slay me, I will trust in thee.
Whose voice can control the rough waves of life's sea:
And Father, I know, that thou carest for me.

Reading for the Young.

Children's Rights.

Give us your ears, kind Parents.

"Why am I to do that, mother?"

"No matter why; go and do as I tell you."

"I would like to know what you are going to do with it."

"Go this instant! it is enough that I tell you to do it."

Such is a specimen of the manner in which many—probably the majority—of mothers talk to their children. "Children," it is said, "have no business to ask so many questions. They could not understand it if we were to answer them.—Their place is obedience."

Well, let us look at this a little closer: There is a feeling with parents that their children should respect them, obey them implicitly, feeling that their parents' judgment is superior to their own. There may be some truth in this. But what is the result of this feeling carried out as it is in familes? It is, "come here, go there, do this, do that." "If you do you will be punished, if you dont you will be punished," and the whole government is a series of slavery. What is called the TRAINING of children is calculated either to crush individuality, independence, and to beget a feeling of dependence and incapacity for self-relience, or else to create an undue activity of destructiveness, a rebellious, don't care disposition. Constant chafing and thwarting of the natural inclinations necessarily produce this. But still worse—the affections are blunted, and the mother and father, who should always be the objects of love and confidence, are felt to be tyrants. The time is longed for when the child shall be a man or woman, that this thralldom may be escaped.

Who has not seen something of this in life? Doubtless my readers have heard many exclaim, as I have, "Children are not much pleasure after they are babies." If this be so, there is something wrong in their bringing up. Children, like adults, are too much governed. Parents become so much accustomed to the dictatory, denunciatory, fault finding disputing with regard to their children, that it often continues ever after they are grown up.—Their homes become associated with these qualities instead of being, as they should be, associated with kindness, gentleness, and love. Thus a chasm is placed between parents and children—the latter finding more attractions in almost any other place than at home.

I heard an old gentleman say a few days ago:

"My boy never spends an evening at home. Any place or anybody pleases him better than to be with his poor old parents." He was a stern old man; perhaps had he looked within he might have found the cause in himself of his son's conduct.

Children should always be a comfort and pleasure to their parents. This is self evident. Children are human beings, little men and women. They have, in the first place, everything to learn, and they must learn from others. It is, then, natural for children to ask questions, for all to them is new. "Why" and "how" are ever rising in their minds. It is this cupidity which distinguishes them from every other form of animal life. It is that which makes the man of science and the philosopher. So far, then, as we succeed in crushing that disposition, we crush true manhood—we clip the wings of the bird and prevent it from soaring on high.

Children, too, are independent; they have some idea of propriety and respect. They see with what deference grown up people treat each other, and feel as if something of that was due to them. All of the above characteristics are to be found in all children above the grade of idiocy.—The question arises—should they be respected and encouraged, or crushed and as far as possible destroyed, or as is commonly and corruptly phrased, "broken in?"

We answer, they should be encouraged, brought out and respected, if we wish them to be anything more than brutes, slaves, or idiots, for the latter is the inevitable tendency of the present system.

Allow me to speak of myself. "Go and do that; come and do this; go here, go there, don't ask any questions, do it!" this is the way my parents spoke to me. Child as I was, I resolved that if ever I had children I would never *make* them to do anything. I taught school ten years successfully and never commanded a child once. My method was, "Will you please to do so and so?" Here it was put in the form of a request, the feeling of compulsion being taken away. My requests were, without exception, unhesitatingly complied with.

Why can not this be carried into families? It can. All that is needed to accomplish it is to give up that false dignity and "far above" feeling that parents have when they look away down on their children. It needs but to gather them a little closer to our heart, and realize what is a truth, that they are not different, but only a few years younger than we are; that they have the same feelings, the same attributes, the same right as ourselves.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned. All this is very simple but is worth remembering.

Editorial Compliments.

Compliments are sometimes bestowed upon our friends which they hasten to give to the public. We have some, and those who recognize them as applicable to their own case, can take them, and welcome. "A gentleman was promenading a fashionable street, with a bright little boy at his side, when the youngster cried: 'O Pa, look! there goes an editor!' 'hush, hush!' said the father; 'don't make sport of the poor man. God only knows what you may come to yet.' It is too hard for parents to influence the minds of their offspring in such a manner. Even the colored race have no regard for the editor's feelings; things have certainly come to a great pass. "An editor got shaved in a barbershop lately, and offered the darkey a dime, which was refused, because, said, he, 'I understand you is an editor!' 'Well what of that?' We never charge editors nuffin!' 'But such liberality will ruin you' 'Oh, nebber mind, we make it up off de *gemmen!*'" Here is another compliment. "A horse dealer, describing a used-up horse, said he loooked as if he had been editing a daily newspaper." But the policeman who rescued from drowning a shaggy spaniel who had been in the brine some fifteen or twenty minutes, was more sarcastic. He said of the grateful cur, as he wagged gracefully his caudal appendage, "He looks like the editor of a monthly magazine, trying to please everybody and just missing it." If these compliments are in any manner doubtful, here is one which does show *meanness* and no mistake. "The editor having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it, the man said, 'you can easily have it fixed.' 'Yes,' replied the editor, 'but that will cost at least a quarter of a dollar.' 'Well,' rejoined the borrower, 'if you ain't rather small for an editor. Here's the quarter; but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once.'" Such a subscriber must have belonged to that family mentioned by the editor who wants to know, whether "if the devil were to die, the newspapers would not eulogize his character. If they didn't the editors would be very likely to get unceremonious orders from some of the relatives of the deceased—'stop my paper.'"

DIABOLICAL ATTEMPT TO MURDER AN AGED LADY AND ROBBERY, BY A NEGRO BOY.—On last Monday, Mrs. Margaret Freeland, aged seventy-eight years, who lived alone on the farm of Miss. Nancy Allison, distance a few hundred yards from the residence of the latter, six miles from Statesville, on the Bethany road, was found in a dying condition, with her throat cut, but not severing the jugulars, nose mashed in, eyes torn out, and a horrible gash on the chin. She was speechless and could give no account of her murderer, but the inference was that it had been done on the Thursday night previous and that Mrs. Freeland had remained in her horrid condition and suffering until found. Suspicion fell upon a negro boy, belonging to Mrs. All son, who shortly afterward had presented a five dollar note to a neighbor to ascertain its denomination, and stated that it was given to him. He was arrested, and at first denied having any knowledge of the deed, but has since confessed himself the perpetrator of the awful crime, and told where the weapon might be found with which he committed the foul act, which is a very heavy unseasoned stick, and on one end of it was a quantity of blood and hair. The boy has been lodged in the jail at this place. It is thought impossible that Mrs. Freeland can survive. —*Iredell Express.*

RAISING THE DUST.—Henry Ward Beecher is great at taking up collections. At the old John street church, on one occasion, they wanted to make an extra raise. Mr. Beecher eloquently addressed the new converts, and finally asked those who had experienced religion in that church to hold up their right hand. Nearly all the right hands were raised instantaneously up.—'Now," says Mr. Beecher, "put that hand in your pocket when the plate is passed around."

SUIT AGAINST A SCHOOL TEACHER.—The colored population of Providence, R. I., have commenced a suit against Mr. Gadding, principal of one of the grammar schools of that city, for refusing the son of a colored man the privilege of entering the school as a pupil. The father of the colored boy is a tax payer, and he and his friends are determined to test the question whether colored children can enter white schools. Able counsel have been secured.

THE ART OF FLYING.—It is stated that Louis Napoleon has just made a present of five thousand francs to a private in the line, who asserts that he has discovered a solution for the great problem in aeronautics—the art of flying. He has invented a kind of air ship, consisting of a platform of silk stretched over whalebone, to be propelled by two gigantic wings of the same material placed on each side. The aerial navigator is to be assisted at a distance of about four feet from the platform, while his feet rest on pedals, by means of which the wings are set in motion, while his arms rests on a lever which imparts to the platform the direction he chooses to give it. Only a model of this machine has yet been constructed, and it appears to work well.

Covetousness leads to poverty; but he is truly rich who desires nothing.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the men of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Planting Wheat in Hills.

An experienced farmer communicates the following statement of a successful experiment, which promises to be of vast importance in regard to the cultivation of wheat:

I planted last Fall five rows of wheat, with spaces between different rows of three feet, two feet, and eighteen inches; this was kept clean with the hoe, and the product is as follows: Average number of stalks from each seed, nearly 32; number of grains to the head, 72 to 100.

Thus if we count less than really grew, say 30 stalks from each grain of seed, and 72 the fewest number of grains found in any one head, we get at the rate of over 2,000 fold, and from that to 3,200, counting the highest yeild. From the year 1845 to 1855 the average of wheat in this and parts of the adjoining counties, accordind to my record, was less than eight bushels to the acre, the very best being 33 bushels. Indian corn sown broadcast at the rate of from one to two bushels will yield a larger average, but when planted in our usual way produces from 30 to 100 bushels per acre.

My object in writing this is to bring the facts to the notice of agriculturists, induce as many as possible to try the experiment on as much land as they are willing to experiment with. I hope those wishing to test the matter will get the wheat in before the last of September. Lay off the ground two feet each way, and put four grains to each hill, and keep clean till next harvest. It must be put in early, no matter how soon after harvest. This will give 30 stalks to the square foot and 104,089,600 grains to the acre; which, allowing 898,560 grains to the bushels, gives nearly 116 bushels to the acre. This estimate is a correct one based upon actual facts and, although it looks like a wild calculation, will, I think, prove so nearly correct as to help reform our present slovenly and extravagant mode of wheat culture. The quantity of seed required to plant an acre is only a trifle over five pounds if put in as above described.—Where my wheat stood in rows, three feet apart, when ripe the heads appeared nearly as thick together as in a field of broadcast wheat, and, instead of being from two to three inches in length, were from six to seven.

NEW PLAN FOR DRYING PEACHES.—As the furze which covers the peach is very objectionable in dring them with it on, and as peeling them for drying is a tedious process and causes the loss of much of the sweetest and best parts of the fruit, a plan which will obviate both of these objections and give us the dried fruit as good as if peeled, and in fact even better, is a desideratum, the supplying of which would be very acceptable to all who are in the habit of drying this most excellent and desirable fruit for table use. A lady friend of the writer has found it out and communicated it to him, and he will here describe it: Make a tolerable strong lye with wood ashes, by boiling them in water—letting it stand after being boiled sufficiently, until the ashes settle to the bottom, when pour off the lye. Then put the peaches to be dried in this warm but not enough to cook them any; and rub them a little while. Then take them out and wash them in clear, cold water. This process will take all the furze entirely off, and leave them as slick and smooth as nectarines, with nothing but a thin skin on them. Then cut off and dry as usual. Peaches dried in this way, will be found to be very sweet, and have all the advantages of not losing any by the usual process of peeling—as the sweetest part of fruit is generally that next the peeling. We have eaten pastry made with such peaches and can speak from experience.—*Louisville Journal.*

SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES.—If every horticulturist would reflect for a moment on the nature of fallen leaves which contains not only the vegetable matter but the earthly salts; lime, potash, &c., needed for the next season's growth, and that too exactly in the proportion required by the very tree and plant from which they fall—nay, more, if they would consider that it is precisely in this way by the decomposition of these very fallen leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year after year, in her great forests, it would scarcely be possible for such a reflecting horticulturist to allow those leaves to be swept away by every wind that blows, and finally lost altogether. A wise horticulturist will diligently collect, from time to time, the leaves that fall under each tree, and by digging them under the soil, provide in the cheapest manner the best possible food for the healthy growth of that tree. In certain vineyards in France the vines are kept in the highest condition by simply burying at the roots every leaf and branch that is pruned off such vines, or that fall from them at the end of the season.

HOG CHOLERA.—As this disease is making great ravages amongst the hogs in many parts of the country, it is very desirable that a preventive or remedy could be discovered.

I have lately heard of a farmer in the Western District who lost several of his hogs with this disease. Nothing he could do, seemed to have any effect. At length, as the case seemed desprate, he boiled as much poke root as he culd hold in his hand, and stirred in Indian meal and made a mush, which he gave to his hogs every day for awhile. The result was that he lost none after he commenced this treatment. Whether this proved a preventive or not, it is certainly worth a trial. I hope all will make known their experience on this subject.

MILKING YOUNG COWS.—It is said that young cows, the first year they give milk, may be made, with careful milking and good keeping, to give milk almost any length of time deemed desirable; but that if they are allowed to dry up early in the fall, they will, if they have a calf at the same season, dry up at the same time each succeeding year; and nothing but extra feed will prevent it, and that but for a short time.

He who loves jesting and raillery brings himself into many troubles.

This may be useful to all of us.

Salad for the Solitary

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber; the one fires the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make he best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

QUESTION: A cannon ball 6 inches in diameter is to be melted and cast into balls 2 inches in diameter; allowing no wastage of metal, required the number it will make? Answer next week.

ANSWER to question of last week:—18 and 14.

The lady who was "lost in thought" has been found. She was "hugging an idea" looking very much like a man.

A love-sick swain, in describing a kiss says it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs. Wonderful!

Some one commending Phillip of Macedon for drinking freely: "That," said Demosthenese, "is a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king."

"Blessed is he," saith the book of Mormon, "who bloweth his own horn; for whoso bloweth his own horn, the same shall be blowed with vengeance."

A fellow who chopped off his hand the other day while cutting wood, sent to an apothecary for a remedy for 'chopped hadds.'

A lazy fellow down South spells Tennessee after this fashion—10 a. e. And spells Andrew Jackson thus—&ru Jax-n. He will suit a primary school.

A certain dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer, that he can't even try a new boot or shoe on without putting his foot in it.'

A dandy lately appeared in Iowa with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had no visible means of support. It is very fortunate for *some*, that they never visited Iowa.

A Mery-andrew, on being asked why he played the fool replied "For the same reason that you do—out of want; you do it for want of wit, and I do it for want of money."

When one advised Lycurgus, the famous lawgiver, to establish a popular government at Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make trial of it in thine own family."

"Of what kind of wood is that stick Jim?"

"Dog-wood."

"Guessed right—how'd ye tell?"

"Knew it by its *bark*."

Julius Caesar Hannibal, giving an account of his sea voyage, says. "All de passengers were now heaving, and if dat wasn't enough, de Captain give orders for de ship to heave too, and she hove to."

Sir Thomas Coxe finds nothing to abuse except his wife's crinoline and Mrs Longbow Miles' hoop. "If they have no other advantage" sneered Lady Coxe, "they keep the men at a proper distance, and that's a great blessing." "To the men," growled Sir Thomas.

During the Revolutionary war the Earl of Dartmouth asked an American in London of how many members the Congress consisted? To which the reply was "Fifty-two."

"Why, that is the number of cards in a pack," said his lordship; "pray, how many knaves are there?"

"Not one," returned the republican; "please to recollect that knaves are court cards."

A young minister, in a highly elaborated sermon which he preached while supplying an absent ministers pulpit, said several times, when giving some new exposition on a passage: The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning, as he was running on with his performances, a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very good one; as he said *"the common taters did not agree with him here,"* he had sent some of the very best "Jersey blues."

SEVEN FOOLS.—1. The envious man—who sends away his mutton because the person next to him is eating venison. 2. The jealous man—who spreads his bed with stinging nettles, and then sleeps in it. 3. The proud man—who gets wet through sooner than ride in the carriage of the inferior. 4. The litigious man—who goes to law in the hope of ruining his opponent, gets and ruins himself. 5. The extravagant man—who buys a herring, and takes a cab to carry it home. 6. The angry man—who learns to play the tamborine because he is annoyed by the playing of his neighbors piano. 7. The ostentatious man—who illumines the out side of his house most brilliantly, sits inside in the dark.

Satisfactory answers are wanted to the following inquiries:

How to carry on a flirtation for a whole season without going too far.

How to back out of a matrimonial engagement without being called out by the brother?

How to tamper with a girl's affections and afterwards to retract with perfect honor?

How to cut an old acquaintance without giving personal offense?

How to look in a man's face without appearing to see him?

How to overlook a poor relation without seeming to cut him.

How to go to a fashionable party without an invitation?

How to conceal falsehood, hypocricy, deceit, under the mask of pure benevolence?

How to do a rascally thing with the best possible intentions?

How to give a person a hint who has forgotten to ask you to dinner?

How a girl may recall an old lover that she has twice refused?

How to avoid dancing with a girl the same day that you have dined at her father's house?

How to utter cutting sarcasm upon the plea of giving good advice?

How to make evasive excuses without incurring the guilt of lying?

How to exchange an old hat for a new one without being observed?

Answers to the above enquiries can be left at this office.

Business Cards.

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A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best WRITERS, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
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WM. PERCIVAL, Architect, Offices Smiths' Brick Building, Raleigh, N. C, and Godden's Hall, Richmond, Va., will supply *designs, working, drawings, specifications* and *superintendance* for all kinds of *public* and private buildings and houses of worship.
With an *educational training* for his profession and a Practical Experience on public and private, works for more than 16 years, he hopes to give satisfaction. He respectfully refers to those by whom he is Professionally engaged in this State.
The Building Committee on the Chapel Hill University Improvements. The Building Committee of the Raleigh New Baptist Church. R. S. Tucker, Esq., W. M. Boylan, Raleigh. W. S. Battle, Esq., Rockey, Mt., Edgecombe County.
N. B. A large variety of original designs for churches, villas &c., can be seen at his Offices. 133-6m.

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(FORMERLY OF GREENSBORO, N. C.) With Bell, Brooks, Pace & Co., Importers and Dealers in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street, New York. [2-1y

D. C. STYRON,
BROAD-STREET, TWO DOORS west of Middle-street, Newbern, N. C., dealer in **Dry Goods,** PROVISIONS, GROCERIES, FISH, OYSTERS, CROCKERY, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, &c.
☞ **Seller of Country Produce.** PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO ORDERS. (121-1y.)

E. F. POWELL,
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Respectfully announces to the citizens of the place and the surrounding country, that he has located in Greensboro for the purpose of carrying on the Watch and Jewelry business in all its various branches. He will keep on hand a good assortment of Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Goods; also, **Confectionaries,** Fruits, &c.,—all of which he will sell very low for cash. All kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry *carefully repaired at the shortest notice,* and on reasonable terms. All he asks is a fair trial. He may be found at Tate's brick building, on the corner. May, 1858. 122 1y

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Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop.
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JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 147 *Chambers-st., N. Y.*
Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission. Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices, *sent free.* Agent for "The Wonderful Pump," raising Water 150 Feet by hand. Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls,*" N. C., 9x12 in., sent free, 50c. Also, "*Cherokee Physician; or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary, and prescribes the remedies from nature's bounteous stores, for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.* Also, a splendid lithograph, 19x24 inches, of all the Bishops of the M. E. Church, South, including Bascom and Capers, from original copies, approved by themselves. This splendid picture sent free on the receipt of one dollar. Also, Bennett's Chronology of North Carolina. Just from the press, sent free for one dollar.
☞ Refer to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. Hon. W. A. Graham, J. R. Dodge, T. R. Loring, Rev. C. F. Deems, M. T. Heflin, S. M. Frost, N. C. and Rev. W. N. Wightman, Andrew Wallace, John W. Stoy, F. F. Beattie, Govan Mills, Richard Yeadon, Esqrs., Hon. B. F. Perry, S. C. etc.
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MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
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OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker,* West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st, 1858. 134—tf.

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Commission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
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☞ Authorized agents for the *Times,* to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y.

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CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

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Everybody needs more or less purging. Purge the blood from its impurities. Purge the bowels, Liver and the whole visceral system from obstructions. Purge out the diseases which fasten on the body, to work its decay. But for disease we should die only of old age. Take antidotes early and thrust it from the system, before it is yet too strong to yield.
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These are no random statements, but are authenticated by your own neighbors and your own Physicians.
Try them once, and you never will be without them.
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HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.
To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c
The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.
The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.
Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.
Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. (113-1 y.)

THE NORTH-CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,
Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:
Single Copy, 1 year,.....$ 2.00
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☞ *All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*
Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times,* for one year.
Extract from proceedings of State Educational Association.
The committee on the merits of "The North Carolina Journal of Education," offered the following report, which was accepted and ordered to be published with the minutes of the Association.
We have examined the Journal, and are pleased to state, that it compares favorably, in all respects, with all others of a similar kind that have come under our notice. Its mechanical execution is neat and tasteful; while its contents, embracing chiefly original articles, give evidence of talent and ability. The Journal, as well as the Association itself, of which it is the organ, is yet in its infancy. Its circulation is as yet limited, owing to unavoidable embarrassments.
The specific purpose of the Journal is to shed light upon the great work of Education, in which all teachers are engaged—to awaken a heartfelt interest in it—and to make known the best modes of accomplishing it.
We recommend it as worthy the patronage of all teachers, and of every friend of Education in the State—and regard it as not only their interest, but their duty, to secure for it a general circulation.
Wm. Gerhard, H. Norwood, W. W. Pharr. } *Com.*
On motion it was,
Resolved,—That the members of this Association, pledge themselves, individually, to use all means in their power to extend the circulation of the Journal of Education.
Resolved,—That the standing committee on the Journal of Education, be authorized to make all necessary arrangements for its continuance.

LOOK AT THIS!
COLE & AMIS have in store and are daily receiving a large and well selected stock of new goods—Stuart's and other refiners' Letter B, C. coffee, C. Yellow, Yellow Porto Rico and New Orleans Sugars, (crushed and clarified); English Island Molasses; Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; besides a prime article of Lard (in kegs); Bacon, sides and shoulders; Fish, Rice and all kinds of Spices; Adamantine and Sperm Candles; Lindseed and Tanners Oil, Camphene and Burning Fluid; Powder, Shot and Lead; Nails of all sizes; Sole and Upper Leather, Shoe-Threads—in a word, every thing connected with the grocery business.
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THE LIVER INVIGORATOR!
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IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic,* easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic,* but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics.* It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.
The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs his functions well the powers of the system are fully developed. The stomach is almost entirely dependent, the bowels are set in motion, and the whole system suffers in consequence of one organ—the **Liver.** having ceased to do his duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy whereby to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.
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One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.
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☞ One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**
One bottle taken for fifty cases of this disease, and will relieve **Cholic,** while one dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera Morbus,** and a preventive of **Cholera.**
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☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

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